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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SUNDAY OPENING OF THE FAIR.

The Crowd entering the Grounds from the Elevated Railway.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONGRESSMEN AND PATRONAGE.

DR. EVERETT, who was recently elected to the national House of Representatives as a Democrat in the district formerly represented by Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, has squarely refused to serve as an office-broker, and explained his position in this wise: "I have for a long series of years felt that the custom by which members of Congress take an active part in the distribution of the offices is a bad one, and I made up my mind that if I was ever honored by an election to Congress I would, to the utmost of my ability, withdraw from all share in endorsements, recommendations, and solicitations." Dr. EVERETT'S predecessor, Mr. LODGE, professed to be an earnest civil service reformer, and, it must be admitted, whenever the subject came up in the House of Representatives, he served the cause of that reform ably and efficiently. But as to the distribution of offices in his district, he walked the path of the spoils politician, solicited and obtained places for his partisan followers, and sought to justify himself by the plea that this was the system still in force, to which, even if he disliked it, he was for the time being obliged to conform. Dr. EVERETT is of a different mind. "I am not conceited enough," he says, "to think that I can change things all by myself, but I dare not wait for any one else to begin." Waiting for others to begin has always been the policy of the feeble-hearted time-servers among the friends of reform. The man who has the courage to begin himself, at whatever risk of consequences, earns a place among its heroes. There are scores of Congressmen who bewail the hardships and the degradation the spoils system is imposing upon them, and who express a profound yearning for relief, while there has been only one, it seems, with pluck enough to "begin."

But just here is one of the pivotal points of civil service reform, for nothing has done more to demoralize the political life of this republic, and nothing is doing more to obstruct the measures necessary for its elevation, than the participation of Congressmen in the exercise of the appointing power. When the spoils system was introduced in the Federal service under President JACKSON, and Congressmen were accorded the privilege of naming men for office in their districts or States, the character of Congress began to deteriorate, slowly at first, but the deterioration progressing ever since. The foremost men of those times—CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and others—were earnest opponents of the new practice, sought to bring about the repeal of the four years' tenure law, and made vigorous efforts to check the growing evil. Of the same mind were many of the prominent men of the succeeding generation. But the number of members of Congress who looked upon the distribution of offices as their most important occupation, and upon the building up of a political following by a shrewd management of the patronage as their main support in public life, constantly grew with the continuance of the system. A class of political tricksters, whose ability and ambition found in office-mongering their most congenial field, worked their way into the Senate and the House in increasing force. The art of dealing in spoils overshadowed the science of legislation, and the place-monger crowded out the statesman. It is no wonder that the standard of character and ability in Congress should have declined so much as we all know that it has; it is rather surprising that it has not declined more. But it will certainly continue to decline if the same cause of deterioration remains at work.

The plea usually brought forward to justify the interference of Congressmen in Executive appointments is that they are the fittest authority to give information to the appointing power as to the wants of the localities they represent and the most suitable persons to satisfy them. Nothing could be more deceptive. No doubt there are some Senators and Representatives who, in making recommendations for office, have only the interests of the public in view. But they are only exceptions to the rule, and very rare exceptions too. The rule is that the Congressman recommends in an overwhelming majority of cases persons for appointment who are politically useful to himself. That such persons will not always turn out to be bad public servants is undoubtedly true. But it is also true that a Congressman will always be more lenient in his judgment of the qualities of a candidate for office who is politically useful to him than of anybody else; and it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that the worst appointments made by any administration are uniformly among those recommended by Congressmen. This is a matter of long and extensive experience. Congressmen are therefore, taking the general average, not the most trustworthy, but the most dangerous advisers of the appointing power. Every change of administration furnishes of this the most striking illustrations. We have one immediately before our eyes. President CLEVELAND excels most of his predecessors in the care he takes to fill public places with fit men. It would be unjust to expect that he should never make a mistake. But the only instances in which appointments made by him subjected him to very severe criticism are directly traceable to the advice of a Senator, which the President unfortunately followed. We refer to the appointment of Mr. BURKE as United States District Attorney in Indiana, of Mr. RISLEY as Minister Resident in Denmark, and of Mr. DONHAM as Postmaster in Terre Haute, Indiana, who has treated the country to a most scandalous attempt to "beat" the civil service law—all three made at the request of Senator VOORHEES, this request being made in the case of Mr. BURKE, as is understood, through Senator TURPIE. There is not the slightest doubt that but for the recommendation by a Senator not one of these appointments would have been made. It is useless to say that the Senator should be held responsible for them. No such pretence can relieve the administration of the responsibility for following the Senator's advice. It ought to have known that the Senator was merely seeking to quarter his henchmen and relations upon the public treasury, regardless of the public interest.

The plea that Congressmen are the safest persons to inform the appointing power as to local needs fails especially with regard to places outside of their districts or States. Complaint is made that among the chiefs of divisions in the government departments in Washington who were appointed under Mr. HARRISON'S administration there are a great many incompetent men who ought to be removed. This is undoubtedly true. It is also certain that almost every one of them was appointed at the request of a Congressman, who thus contrived to pay off some of his political debts at the public expense. It is equally certain that if after the removal of the incompetents the places are filled again according to recommendations made by Congressmen, the result will be exactly the same. The extension of the civil service rules over the chiefs of divisions cannot come too soon to prevent the constant recurrence of this tribulation. We complain that there are so many persons in our consular service that disgrace us in the eyes of the world. An impartial scrutiny of the list of our consular officers will show that every one of those we are ashamed of was appointed at the request of a Congressman. And not only are the different branches of the service thus stocked with undesirable men, but whenever the administration tries to get rid of one of these *protégés* for incompetency or misconduct, the Congressman will at once step in to protest against the removal.

The remedy is simple and obvious. Every place to which the civil service law is applicable should be brought under the civil service rules, which will exclude outside influence. As to places which cannot be brought under the civil service law, the interference of Congressmen should likewise be prohibited by legislation. Bills touching this subject have repeatedly been introduced in Congress, but never acted upon. It would not be difficult to form a practicable measure answering the object. An effective measure of this kind would not only give us a better public service, but, abolishing the business of the Congressional place-monger, it would soon restore our Congress to a far higher level of character and statesmanlike ability than it now occupies.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

WHEN the Treasury gold reserve toward the close of last month dropped below the line of 100 millions of dollars there was a flurry of public attention. Since then the community at large has been little stirred by the situation, and outside of financial circles it has been accepted without further ado. Yet the change was one of signal importance; not, indeed, in its immediate effects, but because of the proof which it gave that a long series of events had been steadily weakening the foundation on which our currency rests.

When Congress passed the Resumption Act in 1875, and authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds in order to secure a substantial stock of specie, it gave no hint as to how much gold should be secured or held for the specific purpose of redeeming legal-tender notes. Senator JOHN SHERMAN, then Secretary of the Treasury, in his resumption operations, acted on the ground that a reserve of forty per cent. of the notes outstanding was not excessive. The original intention had been to reduce the volume of greenbacks to three hundred millions of dollars; for this amount a reserve of 120 millions in gold would have given the desired forty per cent. As it happened, Congress put a stop to the reduction of the greenbacks originally planned, and in 1878 fixed their volume at the point at which it now stands —$346,681,016. The reserve of specie was accordingly somewhat increased, to between 130 and 140 millions, and it stood at that point when specie payments were resumed on the 1st of January, 1879.

After resumption, Congress still left the matter within the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. The only legislative proviso upon the subject was one inserted as a rider in a national-bank act of 1882, by which it was provided "that the Secretary of the Treasury shall suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the amount of gold coin and bullion in the Treasury reserved for the redemption of United States notes falls below 100 millions of dollars." It will be observed that the only thing which the Secretary is enjoined to do is to stop the issue of gold certificates under certain circumstances—and the issue of these has accordingly ceased within the last month. There is also something like an expression of opinion or intention on the part of Congress that the sum of 100 millions constitutes a reserve for the United States notes. But practically the extent to which specie shall be kept for redeeming United States notes depends on the policy pursued by the Treasury Department, and in no small degree on the government's general financial position and the relation of its income to its expenditures.

Since the resumption of specie payments the gold reserve has varied greatly. At one time, in 1885, it was as low as 116 millions; at another time, in 1889, it rose nearly as high as 200 millions. Since 1890 it has declined almost steadily; and, after an almost uninterrupted succession of losses, it fell last month to less than 100 millions. The extraordinary decline of the last three years has been due to three sets of causes: the increase in the government's expenditures, making its general financial condition less strong; the large balance of payments which the United States had to make to foreign countries; and the heavy issue of Treasury notes under the Silver Act of 1890. But for the last of these causes the other two would have probably acted less strongly, and would have been less serious sources of loss. As matters stand, the large issues of silver currency present a serious and steady menace to financial stability.

For it must be remembered that the volume of currency which the government now tries to maintain on a gold basis, and for the security of which it holds the gold reserve, is very much greater than it was when the gold reserve first became operative in 1879. To all intents and purposes the whole mass of silver currency rests on the gold reserve as much as the old greenbacks do. The Treasury notes of 1890 present no legal differences whatever from the greenbacks. They are legal tenders, and they are a direct charge upon the government's gold holding. Up to date there have been issued about 135 millions of them. In addition, the whole volume of silver currency issued under the act of 1878, whether in the form of silver dollars or silver certificates, rests upon the gold reserve. This is strictly a credit currency—nominally, it is true, in terms of silver, but kept equal in value to gold by the willingness of the government to receive it on equal terms with gold, and virtually to redeem it in gold. The total volume of this silver currency is some 390 millions of dollars. The United States notes, or greenbacks, amount to over 346 millions. Putting together all three of the forms of money for which the government now holds itself directly responsible—Treasury notes, silver dollars or certificates, and greenbacks—we have a total mass of about $880,000,000 of currency. Against this the government holds a reserve of less than 100 millions of gold—a reserve of about eleven per cent. Virtually the government is in the position of a note-issuer who has huge obligations outstanding and is steadily increasing these obligations, and has but a slender reserve on hand with which to meet any sudden strain. If forty per cent. was no inadequate reserve in 1879, eleven per cent. is certainly a dangerously small reserve in 1893.

It would be rash to say that the government is in immediate danger, or that its outstanding obligations in paper money cannot be met with the specie which it holds; but it is in the position of a bank with heavy deposit liabilities and little cash to meet them. A sudden and serious drain might bring it to financial collapse, or rather might bring it to the use of silver instead of gold in its payments, which would be equivalent to a financial collapse. Meanwhile it is steadily increasing its liabilities by the issue of four millions a month of Treasury notes. Good management, aid from private sources, and a favorable turn of foreign trade may enable it to run on for some time without mishap; but the situation is one neither safe nor dignified for the government of the most prosperous country in the world.

THE FAIR AS AN EDUCATOR.

It is agreed that one notable result of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was a great popular stride in the matter of interior house decoration in this country. The art of beautifying our homes has been, since that fair, the study of all except the most ignorant of our people, and pretty interiors which reveal and satisfy cultivated taste are no longer a possession peculiar to the rich. Portières came into general use, rugs were considered from an ornamental point of view, carpets took on new beauties, and at the same time were forced to share popular favor with hard-wood floors of various sorts. If nothing else came of the Philadelphia Exposition, the homes of this country ceased to be monotonously ordered, and afforded a wide and stirring field for the exercise of taste.

Who can foresee the results of the present Columbian Exposition? In what direction or number of ways will it affect the minds and habits of our people? It is so much greater than the international fair of seventeen years ago, and is so much more truly a display of the triumphs of all Christendom, that there can be no doubt that it will exert great educational influences. The architects have already predicted that the prominence of their part in the work of preparing for the fair will very considerably advance their influence, that already their value as factors in making American civilization is recognized as it never was before, and that their work in Jackson Park is a grand object-lesson for the country. No one will question this view of the case, and if the improvement begun within our dwellings is to be followed by a revolution in their forms and exteriors, it will be cause for great rejoicing.

It will be a great gain for all the world if every nation that takes part in our celebrations adopts a broader definition of fraternity. At home we have already shown a philosophical temper toward royalty, a spirit that was far less general among us republicans in the past. We no longer feel it incumbent upon our patriotism to affect hostility to Old World rulers and aristocrats merely because they are out of fashion here. We have learned to take them as we find them, and if we find them anxious to be friendly and to visit us, we treat them with a hospitality and cordiality that is marred by no jarring tone anywhere in the land. The foreigners who took part in the most unique and astonishing of all jubilees the world ever saw, the naval land parade, were educators on a broad scale. They were of ten nations, fierce or peaceful, and they represented crowned heads as well as popular presidents. If all those governments and peoples take the lesson of that exhibition of fraternity to heart, our many-million-dollar exposition will be worth a thousand times its cost.

Already, then, the educational possibilities of the Columbian Exposition multiply before the mental vision, until we feel that we cannot begin to foresee the gains that will proceed from it, not merely for us, but for mankind at large.

THE MIGRATORY SUBURBAN DOMESTIC.

Having, as it were, caught our city man, and transferred him to his new home in the suburbs, as we did recently, where we left him with his illusive morning express train, finding new meaning in the poet's admonition that man should "learn to fly," we may take a passing glance at one of the chief domestic annoyances which he will have to meet, or, for that matter, which any out-of-town dweller has to face constantly. We refer, and we feel that no apology is needed for the capitals, to the Flight of the Servant-Girl.

The servant-girl, even in the city, may usually be classed as a variable star, ranging from one of the first magnitude, as she leans over your shoulder to deposit a plate of steaming buckwheat cakes on the breakfast table, to a nebulous and telescopic speck of star-dust as she vanishes down the street with her belongings in a bundle tucked under one arm. Even in town she is transitory, uncertain, a thing of the hour. But in the suburbs she becomes meteoric, shadowy, an airy nothing; she gleams in the kitchen for a brief moment, like a fire-fly, and then the outer darkness swallows her up, and she is as if she had never been. To-day she is with you, and all seems well; to-morrow afternoon you are observed by your friends taking the train for home with another specimen of her following close behind you with a small wooden chest, a bandbox, a black satchel, and three bundles in bandanna handkerchiefs of different colors, like immense Easter eggs.

It is said that there are suburban men who take home a new servant-girl every night of their lives, knowing that the one they had in the morning will be gone. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but we are bound to say that it seems reasonable. Just why the suburban servant-girl is such a volatile and disappearing creature has, naturally, attracted the attention of many investigators. One writer, whose name has escaped us, several years ago put forward the theory that the suburban servant-girl is lured away by the picnic parties from the city which come to the suburbs baited with bottled beer and luncheons done up in newspapers, in much the same way that a troop of wild horses might come up to a lonely farm-yard on the plains and entice away the domesticated horses. This is an attractive theory, scientifically presented, and based on apparently plausible grounds, but it is exploded by the fact that the suburban servant-girl disappears just as persistently in the winter, when there are no picnic parties, as in the summer, when their empty bottles and fluttering newspapers obscure the face of nature. This was pointed out soon after the ingenious writer published his interesting theory, and the darkness once more settled down around the subject. But now it again appears that the explanation has been discovered, and, what is much more, the remedy as well.

There was read recently in this city, before the Society of Domestic Economics, a paper by Mr. Spencer S. Blodgett, a member residing in Esterbrook Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island. Mr. Blodgett prefaced his paper, which consisted of an account of his discovery and a report of the Esterbrook Avenue Servant-Girl Retaining League, by saying that he had lived out-of-town for twenty years, and had always made a close study of such suburban questions as the retention of servants, mollification of ash-men, extirpation of disagreeable neighbors, and so forth. Having the true scientific spirit, he first studied the city servant-girl, which, if she cannot be classed by naturalists as resident, still is not so migratory that she cannot be observed and her habits noted. For a long time he made little or no progress, but one day a great truth flashed upon him. The trouble was simply—policemen. He hurried home and investigated the condition of Esterbrook Avenue. As he suspected, he found that there was no police beat in it, and that no policeman ever passed through it. Esterbrook Avenue—no policemen—servant-girls daily leaving in flocks! This was enough for Mr. Blodgett. He called a meeting of the residents and laid before them his ideas.

The result of the meeting was the Esterbrook Avenue Servant-Girl Retaining League. A stalwart and good-looking New York policeman was bribed to resign and enter the employ of the league. He was dressed in a gorgeous uniform, with many brass buttons, given a formidable club, and directed to patrol the avenue at all hours of the day, with as martial and crushing an air as possible. This was a year ago. In the report of the league, as read by Mr. Blodgett, it was shown that whereas for five years before the league began its work the average flight of servant-girls per week was seventy-four per cent., during the past year the departures had sunk to a weekly average of eleven and three-fourths per cent. More than this: the last quarter of the year showed a loss of but eight and one-half per cent. "With an additional policeman," said Mr. Blodgett, in closing, "so that we could have one for each side of the street, we feel confident that we could bring the average down to one-half of one per cent. per week."

Of course it is not for us to endorse any such new-fangled theory as this; we simply give it for what it is worth, and do not insist that it is worth anything. It certainly, however, is curious and interesting, and if the report of the league is correct, its practical application seems to produce excellent results.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

On Decoration day a little band of veterans in the familiar uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, but without its insignia, marched to the Grand Central Station, and took the train to the lovely burial-ground known as Woodlawn, where they strewed flowers above the grave of a late comrade. They were members of the Noah L. Farnham Veterans No. 1, and until a few days since were members of the post of that name. Their charter had been withdrawn, and they had been expelled from the Grand Army for publishing, without the consent of the State and national commanders, resolutions denouncing the pension frauds. The charge was technical, and the judgment was in essence unfounded, for it declared that the post had refused to purge itself of contempt. The post freely expressed regret for its violation of a rule of the order, but it refused to rescind the resolutions. The incident is a conspicuous one in the history of the Grand Army. It will be fortunate, or unfortunate, according to the way it is treated. If it lead to the disruption of the army there can be only one cause—the indisposition or inability of the majority to take the right side of the pension question. If the majority is ready to make of the Grand Army a pension-reform organization, well and good; it can be a very powerful one, and can do much to purify the pension list, and make it, as it ought to be, a roll of honor. The wrong to the tax-payers in the pension frauds is of very small account compared to the wrong to the honorable pensioners whose names are borne side by side with those of the unworthy.

Professor Felix Adler recently delivered an address on the anti-Semitic movement in modern times, in which he maintained that the Jews were not an exclusive race with persistent traits, but a highly composite race with wide differences in the several resulting types. The objection to the Jews in this country puzzled him a little. It is, he thinks, clearly not religious, nor yet founded in race prejudice, but is social, and he attributed it in a general way to a want of modesty in those toward whom it is directed. It might be asked why this trait should be sufficiently uniform and persistent, if it has not its origin in race, to produce the prejudice which he admits. We have no desire, however, to press the query, and we confess that we think the prevalence of the prejudice is a good deal exaggerated. Most of us know gentlemen and ladies who are Jews by descent and in religion who are not lacking in modesty, or considerateness, or refinement, or any of the qualities that secure respect and confidence and general welcome. And we know plenty of men and women with other religious beliefs or with none whom we instinctively avoid or openly despise, and whose way in society is obviously and justly hard. We seriously doubt whether any person suffers much more in this country from being a Jew than he would, other things being equal, if he were not a Jew. It is largely a question of individual character, and tends to become more and more so.

King Herod was a benefactor of children compared to some of the American Boards of Education. The Superintendent of Public Schools in Brooklyn recently reported a state of things in that highly respectable city that indicates a slow, unintermitted torture for the little ones that would make the execution of Herod's edict seem a blessed relief. Fixing in his own mind sixty as the largest number of children that should be placed in one class, he pointed out that there were very few classes that did not (in the lower grades) exceed this number, while there were scores that exceeded it by fifty per cent., sixty per cent., and even by more in a few instances. Now sixty is at least twice as many as any ordinary teacher can take care of. Thirty should be the maximum, and twenty would be better. The latter is as many as the teacher can watch intelligently so as to know the degree of interest and mental activity aroused in each pupil. But when the class goes beyond thirty, the child gradually ceases to be an individual intelligence and becomes more and more a part of a machine, and the greater the machine the more rigidly despotic the limitations placed on each. In a class of ninety or one hundred the little ones are held as in a vise, and about the only function of which they are capable is keeping an enforced posture or going through set motions of body or mind. The torment thus inflicted is very great, and when we reflect that in most cases it goes with crowded rooms, insufficient air, unhealthy restraint, and surexcitation of the nerves, we can get some measure of the injury inflicted in what is supposed to be, and intended to be, a beneficent process of education. The teachers are not to blame; in most cases they do the best they can, and far better than we have any right to expect. The trouble is with the vicious system which attempts too much; the remedy is in concentration of resources on fewer grades, with smaller classes and an equal or greater number of teachers.

It is not without a certain significance that when Mr. Augustin Daly arrived in London last month, to see to the completion of his new theatre there, the first thing he did was, in the language of builders, to "rip out" the bar, transfer it to far more modest space in a less conspicuous place, and devote its former site to a room for the accommodation of women. All New York knows that "Daly's" on this side the water is a sort of theatre-home for our wives and daughters, where they are surrounded by a comfort and convenience and a dainty display of taste that mark it as their own. Clearly Mr. Daly is to descend on the social circles of London in a way that will agitate the superstructure, if it does not shake the foundations. We would not at all imply that it is an American characteristic to prefer the comfort of women to that of men, or an English one to prefer a bar to a ladies' parlor, but there is just enough in the suggestion to make Mr. Daly's innovation interesting. If the gallant manager succeeds in London as well as he has in New York, he will have added a new charm to London life, and earned the gratitude of thousands of intelligent English women.

During the latter half of May, Wall Street was watching with eager and with some anxious interest a most curious phenomenon or series of phenomena. One of the great "Industrials," a trust supposed to have control of the product of a commodity in very extensive and uniform demand, was being "hammered" by its own managers, by a series of reports, direct and official as well as indirect and in the form of rumors, all tending to show impending and rapidly approaching disaster. Charges of recklessness and worse, quarrels, new loans, lawsuits, injunctions, about everything that could discredit the speculative value of the stock and securities, were freely talked of. Meanwhile the price of the stock on the Exchange rose considerably, and with notable rapidity and steadiness. If any one should say that this anomaly was due to the fact that the managers were all the while buying in the stock they were apparently discrediting, he would at least offer an explanation that explains. Of the morality of such a scheme it is needless to speak, but Wall Street must not wonder at the bad name it has among sober people when such things can be suspected with so much reason. For it is plain that it is in the power of the Stock Exchange to detect, punish, and so abolish this—in honest English—swindling. No stock can be dealt in there without the consent of the board. None should be dealt in as to which such things are possible. One of the chief owners of the hell at Monaco once offered confidentially a hundred thousand francs to any one who would prove that an outsider could make money at roulette. Does the Stock Exchange aspire to a like reputation for its dealings?

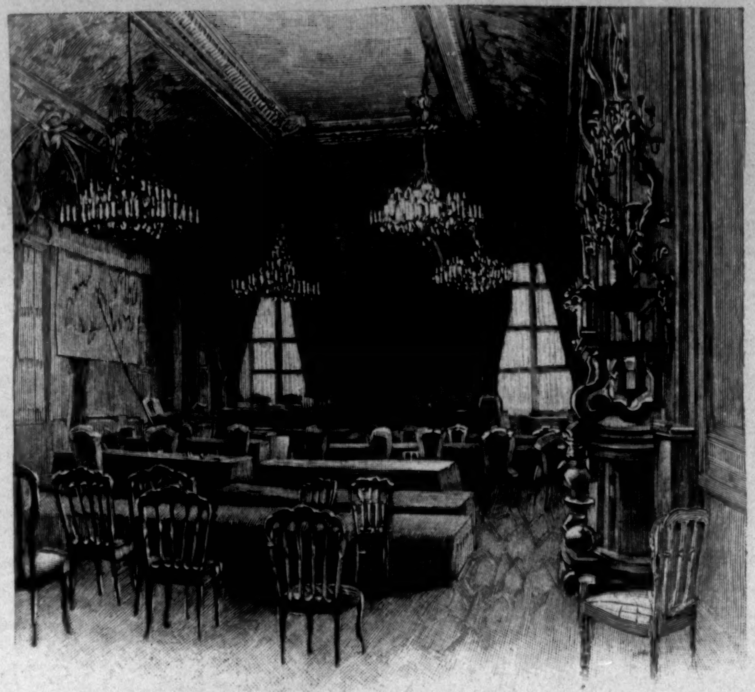
The little band of adventurous and energetic foreigners, most of them Americans, who have driven the Queen of Hawaii into retirement and assumed the title and functions of a provisional government in the islands have been sorely tried by the letters of Mr. Charles Nordhoff to the New York *Herald*. What they say they object to is a statement of his that they signed the petition for a lottery for granting which they tipped the Queen off her throne. What they really object to is Mr. Nordhoff's very explicit demonstration that they have seized control by force supplied wrongfully by the United States minister and naval commander, and that they have not and never had the approval of the people of Hawaii, and so had not any right to offer the islands to the United States. Accordingly they summoned Mr. Nordhoff before them, and might have severely punished him for what they call his "libels" if Minister Blount had not stopped them with the plain statement that the United States would not permit them to punish one of our citizens for a libel not published in the islands. These very provisional governors do not seem to understand that their treatment of Mr. Nordhoff is the strongest proof of the correctness of his statements. If these were not true, the provisional government would have no occasion to be afraid of them.

There is one crop that the fertile soil of Indiana produces with unfailing regularity and in baleful abundance, and that is spoilsmen in politics. If we did not know that Judge Gresham, and the younger Morton, and that rough rider of reform Lucius B. Swift, came from that State, we might think that its soil was fatal to any other than spoilsmen. It was in Indiana that Mr. Cleveland failed most conspicuously in his first term, and that Mr. Harrison was the least scrupulous. It is in Indiana that the first and one of the most contemptible outbreaks of the "looting" of the service has taken place. We have not the space to give the details of the Terre Haute post-office scandals, but any one who wishes a cruelly clear statement of them would do well to read Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's report, after his recent visit there. The one figure that stands out clearly is that of the new postmaster, one Donham, leaping from the chair of a party committee into the post-office, and proceeding to discharge every employé in it, and to replace each by a partisan worker. Happily, the carriers, who are most numerous, must be appointed by the Postmaster-General, and Donham's appointees will have to give way to others taken from the eligible list, made up the day that Donham stormed the office. It is true that Donham was doing only what his Republican predecessor did, but if that justifies him, then he must justify his successor, and so on to the crack of doom. Let us hope that the doom of this disgusting abuse will crack before the close of Mr. Cleveland's term.

GENERAL ZAVALA,
The successful Leader of the Revolution in Nicaragua.
See Page 555.

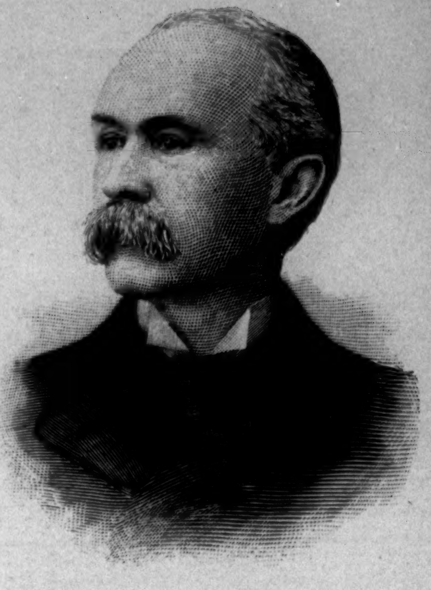
BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

WHEN this paper went to press Sir Charles Russell, the eloquent and accomplished British counsel, had finished his address to the Court of Arbitration in the Bering Sea case, and Sir Richard Webster, another eminent English lawyer, had begun his speech also on the same side. Sir Charles Russell spoke for something like eight days, and the correspondents in Paris say that during that long period he sustained at all times his high reputation for finished oratory and legal acumen. An English correspondent said that it was delightful to see how Sir Charles was spurred on in his efforts by the interruptions of Senator Morgan, who asked questions ostensibly to elicit information for the Court, but which, the correspondent was of opinion, were intended to damage the argument of the English lawyer and at the same time help the American cause. Baron de Courcel, the President of the Court, has justified the French reputation for politeness and courtesy, and has in behalf of the Court thanked each advocate for the assistance his argument has proved to the arbitrators. This is as it should be, and restores somewhat the appearance of a peaceful solution of a controversy after the heated oratory of the lawyers had injected into the hearing a bitterness that seemed very like the prologue to a fight. Every one who has visited the sittings of the Supreme Court in Washington has remarked Judge Harlan's habit of pacing back and forth in the rear of the seats of the judges. He has indulged in this habit somewhat in Paris, and the English correspondents have wondered. But they have wondered not so much at this as at another habit of the Associate Justice who hails from Kentucky. They agree that he is the largest and best-looking man among the arbitrators, but they marvel how a man who does not take wine can maintain so ruddy a complexion only on ice-water.



THE BERING SEA COURT-ROOM.

The arbitrators and other officers of the Court have received many distinguished social attentions in Paris. The other evening the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Madame Develle gave them a dinner, at which there were one hundred other guests. Nearly all of the foreign ambassadors were present, and all of the French Ministry except the Premier, M. Dupuy, who was kept away by a recent bereavement. All the members of the tribunal were there, including Lord Hannen, Judge Harlan, Judge Morgan, and Sir John Thompson, and the attendance of counsel and advisors included Mr. C. Tupper, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. James Carter, Mr. Frederick Coudert, Mr. Williams, and the families of members of the tribunal and counsel. No speeches were delivered after the dinner, but there was a great reception, and this was attended by the most considerable people in the French capital, and notable among them were the members of what is known as the American colony. General Dodds, the present lion of Paris, was there, and of course attracted much attention. Mr. Eustis, the American ambassador, and Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, were very naturally conspicuous as representing the two nations that believe in a more rational and more civilized method of settling disputes than by going to war.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE M. STERNBERG,
The newly appointed Surgeon-General of the United States Army.—[See Page 558.]

Sir Charles Russell. Sir Richard Webster.

Mr. Lansing. Major Halford. Mr. Carter. Mr. Phelps. Ex-Secretary Foster.

L. B. Coudert, Jun. F. R. Coudert. Judge Blodgett. Sir John Thompson, Canadian Arbitrator. Mr. Gram, Swedish Arbitrator. Lord Hannen, English Arbitrator. Baron de Courcel, President. Judge Harlan, American Arbitrator. Visconte Venosta, Italian Arbitrator. Senator Morgan, American Arbitrator. Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Pope.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION—MEMBERS OF THE COURT, AND COUNSEL ON BOTH SIDES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

"THE KNICKERBOCKERS."—Drawn by Warren B. Davis.—[See Page 558.]

CORN-PLANTING.

THE earth is awake and the birds have come,
There is life in the beat of the breeze,
And the basswood tops are alive with the hum
And the flash of the hungry bees;
The frogs in the swale in concert croak,
And the glow of the spring is here,
For the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

From the ridge-pole dry the corn we pluck,
Ears ripe and yellow and sound,
That were saved apart, with a red for luck,
The best that the huskers found;
We will shell them now, for the Indian folk
Say, "Plant your corn without fear
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear."

No crow will pull and no frost will blight,
Nor grub cut the tender sprout,
No rust will burn and no leaves turn white,
But the stalks will be tall and stout;
And never a weed will have power to choke,
Or blasting wind to sear,
The corn that we plant when the leaves of the oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

P. McARTHUR.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY describing a visit to the Mormons, I accounted for the manner in which I treated the subject by telling how, during my first hour in Salt Lake City, I came to change my well-arranged plan from that of studying Utah's material development to that of investigating the home life of the people. The news instinct came strongly upon me and made me see that the most interesting study in Utah would be that of the household or family and religious life of the Latter-Day Saints. Having made this statement, I paused to say to those who were not journalists, and never felt the news instinct, that there is such a thing, and that it often exerts an unaccountable influence upon those who possess it. Once, for instance, as Mr. John B. Bogart, an expert journalist, told me, it came like a draught of cold air up from a basement oyster saloon on Broadway, enveloped him as he walked idly along, and pulled him down the stairs just in time to see the smoke curling from the mouth of a pistol with which one citizen had at that moment shot another.

For my own part, I mentioned how I once found a clergyman who had no address in this city, but had taken part in an interesting ceremony here about which I was ordered to get the facts. I knew nothing more of the man than his name, and the search seemed hopeless, yet, toward the close of the day, when I chanced to see a man of distinctly unclerical appearance disappear in the doorway of a house of unsavory reputation, that queer news instinct surged to my brain and bade me act upon the seemingly preposterous theory that he was the man for whom I was looking. I ran up the stoop and in the house and up a flight of stairs and called to the clergyman by his name. It was he, and he acknowledged the fact, though seldom has a man been more unwilling or displeased to own his identity.

It appears, from the requests that have been made of me for more concerning this subject of the news instinct, that the matter is novel to most persons, and that I but whetted the curiosity of my readers by my passing reference to it. Yet to a newspaper man it is commonplace. It is part of the basis of the trade or profession, whichever newspaper work may be called. Without it, in its commonest form, no newspaper could be made original or great; no unoriginal, fourth-rate newspaper could be kept supplied by the news associations which are themselves fed by the men who possess this instinct. What the instinct is, in how great a degree it is mysterious, and to what extent it differs in men and women in and out of newspaper life, are matters apart from the main fact that there is such a thing.

I never heard the action of the news instinct likened to a rush of air except by Mr. Bogart; indeed, it is very hard to characterize it at all except as a sort of sixth sense capable of producing a conviction for which the mind can give no explanation. Time and time again, when I was doing general reporting, I had experiences which I could not and cannot yet decide how to class. For instance, I often decided to abandon tasks on which I had worked fruitlessly all day. In some instances other reporters from all the newspapers had combined, and after a great deal of work had given up the task. Then I have turned my back on the neighborhood, and perhaps when in sight of the office have been irresistibly impelled to go back and work again from a new point, or even one that had already failed. Ever so many times I have been rewarded with complete success for doing so. Whether it was luck or industry that was behind me, who can say? Perhaps success came of the impulse afforded by the conviction that I would succeed. But, even so, there was the conviction which we call the news instinct.

One of the most notable pieces of the work I did as a beginner was forced upon me by this sixth sense. A murderer who had committed a sensational crime in New York was caught in Boston, and Inspector (then Captain) Williams was to go to that city and bring him here. I had plain and definite orders to do something else that was comparatively unimportant, and my city editor was in bed miles from where I was. I disobeyed orders, and went with the police captain, trembling lest some one else should realize, as I did, the importance of coming back with the murderer and getting his story of the crime. No one else thought of it. I was the first reporter to interview the murderer, and I had him all to myself all night long on a Sound steamboat. There was not a teaspoonful of news left in the case when I got through.

Not to multiply cases too far, I remember a very recent instance when, as a correspondent, I was sent to a distant point, and upon reaching there was beset by what was to me a very singular impulse to go to another place near by. I resisted the inclination during three days, and then an acquaintance, in no way connected with newspaper work, came and invited me to go to that place with him. I told him that I could not go; my business was where I was. I had by that time become so troubled by the inability to get this other place out of my head that early the next morning I made the journey, and got what is called in the business "a good beat"—that is, an exclusive news story of far more interest and importance than that which I was reporting at the place to which I was sent. I was literally led to the source of the news that was there; the officials seemed to take my coming as a matter of course, and, as one might say, they heaped my lap full without my stirring hand or foot to come by anything.

News instinct is a poor possession if it does not embrace news judgment. In explaining one or the other of these abstruse terms and unsubstantial gifts illustrations serve better than arguments. Here, then, are two anecdotes—one to show the presence, and the other to mark the absence of these qualities. Acting as the city editor of a leading newspaper at one time, when I was a great deal younger, I received a visit from a man who wanted it known that he had tanned the skin of a negro who had been hanged for murder, and that he had caused a pair of boots to be made of that material. I confess I did not know whether to promise that we would endeavor to immortalize him or not. It is regarded as a serious thing to bother the editor-in-chief of a great daily, and to run often to him betokens a lack of fitness for one's own subordinate place, yet in this case I determined to consult the chief—then, as now, the most distinguished man in his calling. A piece of "flimsy" had come in, half an hour before, telling of the arrest of a clergyman in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for stealing, as I recall the case.

"Flimsy" is the technical name for the peculiar sheets of paper on which the contributions of the news associations are sent to the newspapers. Such items of news are gathered all over the country, are collected at New York as a clearing-house for this region, and are then reissued in the form of manifold repetitions of one writing, a stylus and carbon sheets being used to do the work. As the paper is so thin as to be nearly transparent it is called "flimsy."

I took the sheet of "flimsy" and a sample of the human leather into the chief's sanctum in order to kill two birds with one stone.

"Sir," said I, "there is a man here who has a pair of boots of leather made from a negro's skin."

"Ugh!" said the editor. "How disgusting! Put the man out of the office."

"Yes, sir. And here is news that a clergyman has been arrested in St. Johnsbury for—"

"Go yourself, and telegraph us long accounts of it."

"He was arrested for—"

"It makes no sort of difference," said the chief, "what he was arrested for. He is a clergyman, and he is arrested. Take the half past six o'clock train, and get all the facts."

The decision as to the human leather was not a case in point, for to-day I would find out in what manner and by whose leave the man procured the negro's skin, how and where he tanned it, and whom he got to make the boots out of it. The chief editor in this case allowed a shock to his natural niceness of taste to overwhelm his news instinct.

The other instance was this: The famous Brooklyn Theatre fire was burning, and the morning newspapers were being printed. Few knew or dreamed that hundreds of men and women had perished in that awful conflagration. The newspaper with which I was connected had a third of a column report of the mere destruction of the theatre after the audience had escaped from it. But there came into the office a reporter who was full of the idea that it was other than an ordinary fire. He bustled up to the man highest in authority in the newspaper office—most of the others having gone to their homes.

"I have come from Brooklyn," said he, "and I believe a lot of people were burned up in that theatre fire. I can make a good story. How much shall I write?"

"Nothing," said the man he addressed. "We have got enough about that fire."

The main point in the last anecdote is one which not every reader will have thought of. It is that if there is any foundation for the belief in the existence of the news instinct the person who refused to allow the reporter to write a second account of the fire should have known (in his bones, so to speak) that the reporter was right. A powerful prompting should have warned him that great news was in the air. It seems ridiculous to say that such a mysterious essence is in the human mind or, like the electric fluid, is part of the atmosphere, but we who are enthusiasts in newspaper work believe it none the less. And it is no more ridiculous than that there should be enthusiasts in a profession in which only one man in thousands can achieve independence, and fewer still can get fame.

It is the consciousness of the force of this indefinable quality which causes newspaper men to deride the idea that "journalism" can be taught in colleges and schools. The news instinct cannot be created, they say, and very truly. Yet in such schools that power will make its existence known, and the pupils may thus discover whether they are or are not fit for the business. Under professors who have this birth-mark such schools would be very useful; indeed, they should prove a godsend to the newspapers, for, as it is, a good half of the young men who undertake reporting either get out, are weeded out, or else hang on and do the work of errand-boys and clerks through the length of their unfortunate and poverty-stricken lives. Not by any means do all the men who are in the business belong in it, indeed, there are entire establishments—established newspapers—of which this is true, in my opinion. The modicum of genius for the business which may be in the staffs of such concerns is kept in subjection by the men on top. Such newspapers enjoy a measure of success because they are fed by well-managed news associations and literary bureaus.

The mysterious phase which the news instinct sometimes assumes is not its only or its commonest form. It is not the whole of news-getting to scent the news or to get it. What to do with it after it is got is the main thing. The true newspaper manager often sends a reporter for half a column upon a subject, and when he gets it, turns out his whole force of men to make a report that may cover a whole or half a page. The true reporter, being sent to attend to a routine matter, may uncover something, in the situation or growing out of it, that will be the chief report in the next day's paper. He is a good reporter who knows news when he comes upon it, and who gets it without being told to. He is a bad reporter who leaves it to the editor to discover in his report that which should be elaborated to one hundred times what he has made of it. The thing for which a good reporter is sent may be the least part of what he brings back.

The story that makes half a column in a poorly edited newspaper may fill three columns in that paper whose editor or managing editor has the news instinct most highly developed. I remember a day when the most interesting piece of news in any New York daily was an account of a sale of a goat. The peculiarity of the case was that the goat had strayed from its owner and was put up at auction by the great city of New York. I remember another day, when there seemed no news at all, a poor little foundling was taken from an empty lot to the matron at Police Headquarters on that day. All the managing editors except one reported the fact in a paragraph, but the one whose news instinct was largest and quickest turned out all his best reporters on the case. He made that waif-baby the central figure in a report that told all about the subject of foundlings in New York—the causes that led to the abandonment of babes, the methods pursued by their wretched mothers, the subsequent efforts of the mothers to visit or to reclaim their offspring, the routine procedure of the police in dealing with foundlings, the generally early termination of the foundlings' histories by death, and their burials on an East River island in a numbered box and a lettered pit.

The man who ordered that report written had the news instinct highly developed. He shared the belief of Frederick Hudson that it should be the rule to furnish one notable news article every day, to make the most of one dominating topic each morning. The sort of man who admits that there is nothing but routine news, and who sends his paper to press with what he calls "no news," was a poor newspaper man in Hudson's day, and is even worse thought of to-day by all newspaper men except the relics who still cling to the London *Times* theory that a newspaper is a public schoolmaster and an inspired moulder of public opinion.

To return to the subject in hand, it was on the night before this was written that a talented newspaper man, one of the editors of a leading daily, unburdened his mind to me in these words. "Something tells me where I can get a most interesting story. There is an old gentleman in this city whom I meet day after day, year in and year out. He is shabby and somewhat infirm. He walks up a certain side of a certain avenue at a certain hour every day, keeping his eyes upon the ground and seeing no one around him. I will have some one ask him who he is and what he does, for I have a strong feeling that he figures in something very interesting."

There might be a question as to the propriety of prying into this poor old gentleman's affairs, but if the news instinct is really at work concerning him there is no help for his privacy. According to rule he must talk, and his story is certain to be interesting.

TRINITY'S NORTH AND SOUTH DOORS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

BRONZE doors cast in one piece and decorated with panels carved in relief are Mr. William Waldorf Astor's gift to Trinity Church in memory of his father, the late John Jacob Astor. The North and South doors, by J. Massey Rhind and Charles H. Niehaus, can be examined in the illustrations for the details of each panel, but the general view of the doors as sketched by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, and cast by the Henry-Bonnard foundry, must be seen at the church itself. The massive look of the doors and the colors of the bronze, sombre yet rich, suit very well the somewhat stately architecture of Trinity and the sombre but warm notes of the stone.

John Jacob Astor, second of the name, took great pride in Trinity, and enriched the chancel with a costly reredos. He was the most faithful of vestrymen, and until his last years rarely failed to carry about the plate for the offertory, so that to the worshippers in Trinity these doors will recall his tall and dignified figure, his kindly, urbane face. They will recall his unaffected modesty and readiness to interest himself in all public and social affairs, from the call to arms at the outbreak of the civil war to the functions that are mere weariness of the flesh to a conscientious man past middle age. But to the general public they are very notable embellishments of the city, owing to the conspicuous place which Trinity occupies on Wall Street and Broadway. It was a happy thought to make sculptured doors the memorial for a site so central and so close to the swiftest tide of traffic, a thought which in all likelihood came to the son because of his early studies in sculpture.

The South Door, by Mr. Niehaus, has six panels, dealing with historical subjects connected with New York and Trinity parish. The lowest panels show the deck of the *Half Moon*. Henry Hudson is passing in 1609 along Manhattan Island under the Dutch flag; Dr. Barclay is preaching to the Indians in 1738. To fit the mission among the redskins more closely to this church, Mr. Niehaus has passed by the earlier efforts of Dutch dominies in the same field. The middle panels show Washington entering St. Paul's, the chapel of Trinity, after his inauguration in 1782; and the scene of a consecration of four bishops in the same chapel in 1832. The upper panels contain the procession in 1846 through the porch of new Trinity as we now have it, soon after its completion; and the dedication of the reredos in memory of William B. Astor in June of 1877.

In these six panels the sculptor has undertaken a difficult task of realism, and with success. The composition is generally excellent; the perspective is particularly brilliant. Mr. Niehaus has kept marvellously well the difficult planes of figures, buildings and interiors, each in its proper place, and has borrowed from painting many artifices which permit the eye to pass agreeably from the near to the more distant objects. The figures never press forward but keep their relations to the general aspect of the door as a door, and also to their several backgrounds. These figures, moreover, are well proportioned and unconventional.

The most modern scene is in some respects the best, though it might easily have been the worst, owing to the difficulty of managing modern coats, hats, and dresses, and presenting in low relief an interior known to every one. He has done this without being commonplace or trivial. Henry Hudson is the least convincing of all, because we look for more rough, sailorly qualities in the captain and crew of the *Half Moon* than the sculptor has been willing to allow.

The North Door, by Mr. Massey Rhind, is entirely different in conception and executed in quite another style. It also has six panels, but the subjects are from the Old and New Testaments and the legends of the Church. The lowest panels give a scene of the Passover in Egypt, with a Hebrew householder anointing lintel and door-posts of his home with the blood of a lamb, that the Lord may pass over the house and spare the first-born; and the gateway of one of the three cities of refuge in the Promised Land, which were ordained for those who had slain a man without intention. The middle panels have the scene at the gate of the Temple when Saints Peter and John make the miraculous cure of a man lame from his birth; and the prison scene, in which Paul and Silas issue from their jail after the earthquake, and console the jailer, whom the miracle has converted. The upper panels have a scene from Revelation; also a legend of St. Peter about to leave Rome for fear of persecution. Christ appearing to him, he says, "Lord, whither goest

thou?" and, to shame the saint for his timorousness, the vision answers that he goes to Rome, where there is need of him.

Mr. Massey Rhind's composition is not only different from that of the historical door, but his scale of figures is another one. They are often exaggerated for effect by making the heads smaller than in ordinary human proportions. The figures are not quite so well subordinated to the general scheme and frame-work of the door. But they have in some cases ideality, and in general are well grouped. These panels are less original and clever than Mr. Niehaus's, but they have the advantage of appealing to devout thoughts, and the signal merit of never lowering the tone from religious levels. Separate figures may be criticised, but on the whole the six panels are a notable achievement for a young artist.

A peculiarity is the difference between the composition used by these two sculptors. While Mr. Niehaus always provides for a central distance with carefully arranged vanishing point, as in a picture, Mr. Massey Rhind generally places two or more figures in the middle of each panel, and rarely allows a chance for the eye to plunge into the background. The latter follows more after precedents like the bronze doors at the national Capitol by Randolph Rogers, and their prototypes in Florence, the far-famed doors by Ghiberti.

THE HON. W. E. QUINBY,
United States Minister to the Netherlands.

THE NEW MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS.

On May 25th President Cleveland appointed William E. Quinby, of Detroit, Michigan, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Netherlands. Mr. Quinby is a prominent figure in his State, and his appointment met with unqualified approval from his fellow-Democrats and friends throughout Michigan. Telegrams from all parts of the State were sent to the President as soon as the selection was made public, and Mr. Quinby was also the recipient of general congratulations from prominent men who recognized his fitness. Mr. Quinby is a man of about sixty years of age, and has never held any public office. His time and energies have been devoted to the Detroit *Free Press*, of which he is the principal owner and editor-in-chief. He has been connected with that paper for nearly twenty-five years, and instrumental in raising it to its present high position. Mr. Quinby is a married man and has six children. Two of his sons, who hold editorial positions on the *Free Press*, will represent him during his absence abroad.

DARING DEED OF A NICARAGUAN BOY.

HOW HE CAPTURED THE FORTRESS OF CORILLA.

The revolution in Nicaragua just ended has witnessed in the short period which marked its existence the performance of a deed of daring the like of which has probably never been excelled since the storming of Badajoz. All the more interest is centred in the event since it is known that the central figure is a boy only sixteen years of age—a mere child in years, but a giant in courage and ability. This lad, a representative of one of Spain's oldest families in Nicaragua, captured, with the assistance of but thirty men, the fortress of Corilla, which is the strongest post in Central America.

The account of the capture reached New York during the present week. It was participated in by Mr. Frederick Rockwood, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Revenue Marine. Mr. Rockwood is at present a wealthy planter in central Nicaragua. Prior to his departure for Nicaragua, more than six years ago, he was a prominent member of the New York Seventh Regiment. Mr. Rockwood reached New York after forty-five days of travel from his plantation. The story he tells runs as follows:

"I left my plantation some two weeks before the revolution broke out. I knew, as indeed we all did, that trouble was coming. I was importuned by my fellow-planters to take sides with the Liberal party. Had it not been for those interests which demanded that I immediately set out for New York, I am inclined to believe that I would have followed the bent of my inclination. I promised, however, that I would return to Nicaragua as soon as my business affairs were settled. With this promise given, I bade a lot of my neighbors, one bright morning, a farewell, and set out on horseback for the head of Lake Nicaragua. To reach the head of the lake required a ride of two hundred and fifty miles. This portion of the journey I traversed without incident, and one bright evening not many weeks ago I reined up at a little station situated at the head of the White Lake. Here, for the first time, I learned that the revolution had broken out in force, that skirmishing was going on to the eastward and westward of the station, and, worse yet, that every form of water craft on Lake Nicaragua had been seized by government forces.

"My chagrin was great. I debated whether I should work through to the east coast or back to the west coast. I finally concluded to wait. In the mean time I kept my eyes and ears open, particularly my ears, and not more than three days elapsed before I learned of the existence of a small tug somewhere back of the station. I will not say how I obtained possession of the tug. It is sufficient that I soon had every prospect of pushing my way on down the lake.

"It was while placing stores aboard, however, that I was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a young Spaniard, his sword in hand, and himself in the dress of a lieutenant in the regular army of Nicaragua. The Spaniard was a mere boy. He was about sixteen years of age; certainly not more than seventeen. As he stood there on the deck, smiling, and in the purest of Spanish requesting that I turn the craft over to him, I hardly knew which to admire the most, his impudence or his beauty. His face was of pure Castilian type. His eyes had all the tenderness and his skin all the softness of a girl. He was a handsome chap; in fact, a handsomer boy I never saw. While eying him in a half-quizzical manner, some thirty armed men burst through the bush and leaped on board. The smile of the young Spaniard rapidly played round his well-shaped mouth. The men were his followers.

"There was nothing left for me to do but give up the boat. The youngster deemed my conclusion wise, and I could see that my discomfiture rather amused him. He was an odd little fellow; yet hardly little, for he was tall for a boy of his age, and strong too, while his every step showed off a lithe active form. At first it looked as if I were to be summarily tossed on shore, but on my making known that I was an American, and a former United States officer, the boy saw an opportunity to make me of service to him. He knew I was anxious to reach the east coast, and he promised to assist me—that is, if I were willing to assist him. My function was to navigate the boat. I undertook it.

"The thirty men who came aboard with the young Spaniard were as fine a set of fighting-men as I have ever seen. They were all mountain men, great tall fellows who looked capable of withstanding immense fatigue. They were splendidly armed, each man carrying a breech-loading Remington rifle and two full cartridge belts. I have seen a great many soldiers in my lifetime. I have also had the honor to be a member of one of the finest national guard regiments of the United States, the New York Seventh, but I have yet to see thirty men with the word "business" more plainly stamped in their faces than in the case of those thirty Nicaraguans.

"I asked the youngster in command where we should go? He very quietly said, 'Corilla.' I could hardly believe my ears. 'What! Corilla?' I ejaculated. It cannot be possible that this boy means to attack that place, the strongest post in Nicaragua. But it was true that he did, and in a very short time. Off we went down the lake, the little tug carrying thirty rebels, all dressed in the regular uniform of the Nicaraguan army. I had not been deceived as to the true character of my companions. I recognized them as men of the revolutionary forces very shortly after they got aboard.

"On the way down the lake I saw a great deal of the young Spaniard. Not once did he speak of the work ahead. He talked mostly on national subjects, and inquired particularly into the relation of the States to the national government at Washington. He was fairly well posted on the form of government in vogue in the United States, but was better posted regarding existing governments in Europe. His mind seemed to possess great breadth, while at all times there was evinced that same gentleness, that same softness, which made me at times almost doubt that he was a boy.

"Corilla was reached in the broad break of day. The morning in Central America usually breaks suddenly. It was just the beginning of this morning when the fort loomed up ahead on a high bluff fully one hundred feet above the river. This fort is armed with modern rifled cannon, mostly Krupp guns. In addition there are several machine-guns. The fort commands the entrance to Lake Nicaragua. Its guns are able to deliver a terrific plunging fire on any craft attempting to pass up without authority.

"As we neared Corilla I expected every moment to hear the whiz of a rifle-shot. As we drew nearer I really began to feel that perhaps, after all, we would escape a salvo. Right ahead was a wharf jutting out at the base of the bluff, and the tug was headed for it. Running up alongside, we managed to secure the boat. As we did so, the young Spaniard leaped on the dock. A sentry stood there doing guard duty. The boy said something brusquely to him about his force being re-enforcements, and the sentry saluted. The lad sent him up the hill on some message, and then turned to his command. Every man of the thirty was on the dock. It needed only a nod to set them in motion, and this nod the handsome young Spaniard gave.

"Leading up to the gates of the fort from the wharf was a winding road. Up this road the young rebel and his men marched, the boy leading off some twenty feet in advance, and swinging his sharp razorlike sword much as one would a walking stick. I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was a mere boy with only a handful of men marching straight up to the gates of the strongest fort in Nicaragua. Instinctively I found myself on the dock and following them. My arms consisted simply of a revolver, and I doubt if in the excitement I realized that I might have occasion to use it. To look at that body of men swinging along up the roadway in splendid unison, one would have fancied that it was merely a reconnoitring party in from a tramp. Surely, I said to myself, their real character will be discovered before they reach the gates. They never possibly can deceive the guard.

"At this moment the great, ponderous gates opened, and an officer, the officer of the day, stepped out. He had evidently just sprung out of bed, for there was a half-yawn around his mouth as he made his appearance. The sentry had told him that re-enforcements were coming up the road. This was good news. It would mean lighter duty at the post, and more companionship. All this doubtless passed through the mind of the officer of the day as he stepped out to greet the commander of the re-enforcing party. As for the thought of caution, it had not entered his mind. The rebels he had heard of, but had not seen. He doubted if any really existed; and if they did, they were hundreds of miles from Corilla, while, besides, these men coming up the roadway were dressed as regulars.

"So, with a cheery 'Glad to see you. Where are you from?' he advanced some twenty feet beyond the gates.

"Inside the gateway the guard was drawn up, prepared to receive the new arrival. The cheery hail of the officer of the fort received an indistinct reply from the young Spaniard. In another moment the two were but a few feet apart. I recall at that instant a whirl of steel in the air, a sharp agonizing cry, and the next instant the body of the officer of the fort lay writhing on the ground. Without so much as a look at the man he had cut down in his track, the young Spaniard, with the bound of a panther, sprang into the open doorway, and quicker than it can be told he had cut down two soldiers. Like the sudden blast of a mighty wind, every man of the command rushed forward. Carried away with the excitement, I followed; and as I did, I stumbled over the bodies of the dozen men of the guard. Every man had been bayonetted where he stood.

"Once inside the fort, the men of the young Spaniard spread out in skirmish order across the parade-ground and facing the quarters; until now not a shot had been fired. Suddenly, though, it came, and from the revolver of the lad ahead. The commandant of the fort, hearing some unusual noise outside, had sprung out of bed, and hastily stepped out on the little veranda before his door. As he did so, the young Spaniard, at a distance of more than one hundred feet, drove a pistol-ball between his eyes. The body of the dead commandant rolled down on the walk below. This pistol-shot roused the fort, and instantly men poured out from the quarters. Their appearance was the signal for every rifle in the parade to open action. The scene that followed was little short of that of a slaughter-pen. The men of the fort had been cut off from their arms. They were now being butchered. Men yelled and cursed, begged for mercy, and shrieked as they fell wounded. The young Spaniard dashed about, using a brace of revolvers. It looked at one time as if he proposed to slaughter the garrison, but he suddenly gave the order to cease firing. Some twenty-three men had been killed. The fort contained about seventy-five men. The living were made prisoners.

"The first act of the young Spaniard was to slam the gates. He next inspected the ordnance, stationed men on guard, and then proceeded to wash and refresh himself. The flag of the Liberal party was soon floating from the ramparts of the fort. A little later in the day, with that same smile on his lips and that same tenderness of expression, he fitted me out for my journey, and wishing me a speedy passage, bid me an affectionate adieu.

"I reached the east coast without mishap, and took passage to Colon. From Colon I came to New York by one of the regular steamers."

The success of the revolution Mr. Rockwood first learned on reaching New York. He says that he expects to learn on his return to Nicaragua that the young Spaniard has been made an officer of high rank. If they do not promote him, he declares the youngster will promote himself.

Godfrey L. Carden,
Lieutenant United States Revenue Marine.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Pray what is the use of this striving for good,
If all ends in woe and distress?
Why work in vain hope, when 'tis well understood
There's no such a thing as success?

The answer is simple when I am concerned—
I've studied the case through and through.
The lesson I've found to be easily learned:
The "*if*" and the "*when*" are not true.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR.

Professor Rudolf Virchow, Rector of the University of Berlin, is a highly interesting personality. He is a small man, with a dry parchmentlike skin, and wears very powerful spectacles, which give his eyes a peculiar appearance as seen through them. The *tout-ensemble* is very ordinary. Not only is he, however, in the first rank of scientists, but is, besides, a prominent politician, one of the most influential men among the advanced Liberals, and a member of the Reichstag. He would long ago have been elected Rector had it not been thought that his political views would be so obnoxious to the Emperor as to cause him to decline to ratify Virchow's election.

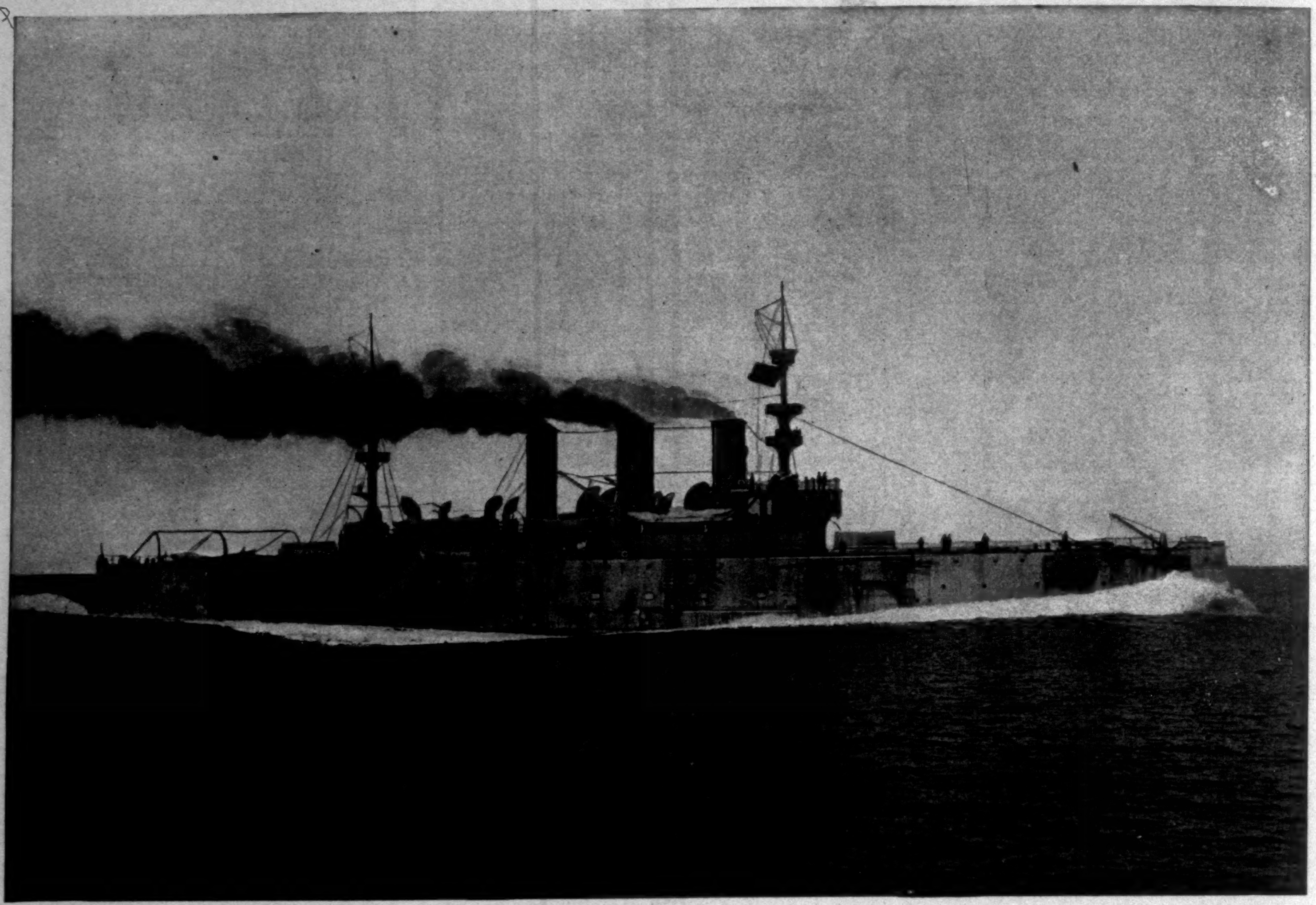
Virchow and Von Helmholz celebrated their seventieth birthday within a short time of each other, and whereas the latter received a complimentary telegram and a decoration from the Emperor, Virchow was the recipient of no such favor. In the telegram to Von Helmholz his Majesty expressed his approval that the scientist had devoted himself to science, which was his proper sphere, and had left politics alone. This was evidently a side-thrust at Virchow.

During the political troubles of 1842 Virchow was banished because of a speech in which he said Prussia must have a constitution; that the king must grant one, or they must try to do without a king. For this he was proscribed, but he partly regained favor by his work in connection with the Franco-German war. His organization of ambulance corps and his untiring efforts in the hospitals were highly appreciated.

He is much more liked by foreign students than by Germans. To the latter he shows his rough side. He does not approve of their drinking habits. He says that Americans and English who do not soak so systematically have clearer heads and do much better work than Germans. Some of his countrymen have such a dislike of him that they prefer to study pathology elsewhere, although they have to study under inferior men. They dread his home truths and his not always smooth tongue. He is, they say, very rude to them in his lectures, as well as severe at the examinations. He was so dissatisfied with an answer given by one student that he replied: "Any cook would know better than that. You know nothing whatever about it." To another who was turning over a specimen with an instrument so as to be better able to see it, he sneered, "Oh yes, hack it to pieces, and by the time *you* have finished with it nobody else will be able to see it."

A friend of mine was invited to his house to see some very rare fishes which he had received a short time before. Virchow's daughter, who is not famous for beauty, was present. When the inspection of the fishes was over, Virchow said: "All these I'll gladly give you if you'll marry my daughter. I've been trying to marry her off these thirteen years, but without success."

The clothes that the learned professor wears are sometimes such as no old-clo' man would invest in. An especially favorite coat of his is an ancient one that has lost its color through age. On one occasion he began the examination of a student by abruptly asking, "What color is my coat?" The student paused for a moment, and then replied, "Apparently, Herr Professor, it was originally black; now it seems to be of a bluish tint," for which reply he was passed.



THE "NEW YORK" AT HER GREATEST BURST OF SPEED.

THE FOUR ENGINES THAT DROVE THE "NEW YORK" TWENTY-ONE KNOTS AN HOUR.

THE FASTEST ARMORED CRUISER IN THE WORLD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

WEST POINT—IN BATTERY—LIGHT ARTILLERY DRILL.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE ARTICLE ON DOUBLE-PAGE.]

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

III.

In one of the first-floor corners of the Clifton is situated the Underground National Bank—Erastus M. Brainard, president.

The Underground is not so styled on account of the policy and methods of its head, oblique and subterranean though they may be; it is merely that the Clifton is almost entirely shut in by its tall neighbors, and that, so far as its lower floors are concerned, direct sunlight, except for a month or two in the early summer, is pretty nearly out of the question. We shall have to throw our own sunlight on the Underground, and on the man who is its president and its principal stockholder.

The Underground is not one of the old banks, nor is it one of the larger ones; if Brainard had no other irons in the fire he would not cut much of a figure in business circles. The Underground is simply one in a batch of banks that have sprung up in the last seven or eight years, and that are almost unknown, even by name, to men who, in the Clearing-House at that time, have since passed on to other and different affairs. It is spoken of as Brainard's bank, just as other banks are spoken of as Shayne's, or Cutter's, or Patterson's. Now Shayne, for example, began life with a fruit stand—Jim Shayne they called him. The fruit stand developed into a retail grocery, and Jim Shayne (about the time of the fire) became J. H. Shayne. The retail grocery expanded into a wholesale grocery, and the sign read, "James H. Shayne & Co.," and the firm made money. But the day dawned when his wife began to figure at dances and receptions—her own and those of other people—as Mrs. James Horton Shayne, and when his daughter's wedding was not far away, with all the splendor that St. Asaph's could command. This was no juncture for laying undue stress on the wholesale grocery business; it seemed worth while to become identified a little less closely with mercantile circles and a little more closely with financial circles. Shayne & Co. went right on—both routine and profits; but the High-flyers' National was started, and James Horton Shayne was more likely to be found on La Salle Street than on River Street.

Cutter was in hardware. His daughter was a great beauty. One day he dropped hardware in favor of his sons, to become the head of a board of directors. Then people could say: "Ah! a fine girl that! Her father runs the Parental National."

Patterson's case was different. He had just invested half a million in a big business block, and his daughter had just invested her all in a husband. The best office in the new building remained tenantless at the end of six months, and the man of his daughter's choice continued practically without occupation during the same term. The office was worth ten thousand dollars, the son-in-law—in the present state of things—about ten thousand cents. So Patterson, in order to secure a tenant for his new building and a career for his new son, started a new financial institution — the Exigency Trust Co.

But no such considerations as these influenced Erastus Brainard when he founded the Underground. He was far aside from all social ambitions, and his domestic affairs took care of themselves. His business interests spread all over the city, the State, the West, even the far West, and this vast web must have a centre. That centre was on the lower floor of the Clifton, where he ran a bank, true, but a good many other things besides.

Brainard had come up from the southern part of the State—from "Egypt," as it is called. A darkness truly Egyptian brooded over his early history, so that if it is a fact that he was an exhorter at Methodist camp-meetings in his early twenties, proof of that fact might be sought for in vain. The first definite point in his career is this: that as a youngish man he was connected in some capacity with a cross-country railroad on the far side of Centralia. How successful he was in transporting souls no one can say; that he has been successful in transporting bodies no one will deny. He is unrivalled in his mastery of the street-car question, and his operations have lain in many scattered fields.

To claim that Brainard has a national reputation would be going too far. However, his reputation might fairly be termed inter-State. If the man were to die to-morrow, sketches of his life would appear in the papers of Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and St. Louis; and the caustic and frankly abusive paragraphs would be copied appreciatively as far as the remoter counties of Nebraska. For Brainard's success is not without the elements of public scandal. His manipulation of city councils and of State Legislatures has been freely charged. Old stories of his brief incarceration in prison, or of his narrow escape from it, sometimes arise and flutter; and there are those who think that if he never has been in jail, then this is all the more reason for his being there now. His demise would indeed set the clipping-bureaus to work; but the work would not be started by the direction of his surviving family. Such is the chief to whom young George Ogden has sworn allegiance.

"I shall marry him," said a voice quite firmly; "you may make up your mind to that."

Ogden started. These words came through a door which stood ajar in the partition that separated him from the president's room; the office was splendid with bevelled glass and oxidized iron-work, yet it was as compact as high rentals compel. They were words in striking contrast to most of the talk that his pen commanded. "Make it thirty days more;" "I'll take the rest in small bills, please;" "It will be due day after to-morrow." And with these, "I shall marry him; make up your mind to that."

He knew the voice perfectly well; he had heard it a fortnight before in Floyd's office.

The door in the partition opened a foot or two wider; the bulky figure of Erastus Brainard appeared, and his hard and determined face. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a close-clipped gray beard and a shaven upper lip. Two or three red veins showed prominently in his bulbous nose. He wore black broadcloth; his coat had a velvet collar, and on his shoulders there was a light fall of dandruff. He wore boots. On Sundays his boots had "tongues," and his trade was the mainstay of a German shoemaker who kept a shop behind his house, and whom, twice a year, he literally terrified into a fit.

But now his big figure clutched at the red-cherry door-jamb with a tremulous hesitancy, the hard, fierce eyes looked out appealingly from under their coarse and shaggy brows, and the proud and cruel lips opened themselves to address the young man with an order that was almost an entreaty.

"Ogden, won't you ask Mr. Fairchild to step this way?"

For a mouse had come into the place, and the elephant was in terror.

The Underground National Bank, with a surplus equal to a third of its capital, had not declared a dividend for several years. Brainard, along with his son and his brother, owned five-eighths of the stock. Put these two facts together and surmise the rest. Understand, without the telling, how Brainard had bought back big blocks of stock from men who had invested on his own advice and representations, only to sell out at less than two-thirds the price they had paid. Understand how widowed and unprotected women, with little realization of the remote possibilities of the science of banking and no realization at all of the way in which their five thousands had come to be worth so much less than five thousand, would come to his office to implore ingenuously with sobs and tears that he would give them back their money. Consider these and a dozen other phases of the pleasant pastime known as "freeze-out," and then judge whether Brainard, by this time, were capable or no of braving, warding off, beating down, despising the threats, the imprecations, the pleadings, the attacks of the harmless domestic animal known as the investor. But now another domestic animal, the wilful daughter, had entered his lair, and with this new antagonist he felt himself unable to cope.

"Ogden, won't you ask Mr. Fairchild to step this way?"

Fairchild was only the cashier of the bank, while Brainard was its head; but Fairchild was a good deal of a man—and that was more than Brainard, with all his money and his brains and his conscienceless, and all the added power of the three combined, could have claimed for himself. He was merely a financial appliance—one of the tools of the trade.

He had no friends—none even of the poor sort known as "business" friends. He had no social relations of any kind. He had no sense of any right relation to the community in which he lived. He had next to no family life. He had no apparent consciousness of the physical basis of existence—for him diet, rest, hygiene, were mere nothings. But none of these considerations disturbed him very much. He could do without friends—having so good a friend in himself. He could dispense with social diversion—so long as the affairs of the Underground, and the Illuminating Company, and those Western mines continued to occupy his attention. He could rub along without the sympathy and respect of the community—while he and it held the relative positions of knife and oyster. He could do perfectly well without hygiene and proper regimen as long as dyspepsia and nerves and rheumatism were not too pressing in their attentions. And he could, of course, trust his family to run itself without any great amount of attention from its natural head.

His family *had* run itself for twenty odd years. It had gone on its scattered way rejoicing—after the good, new, Western fashion which finds the unit of society less in the family than in the individual; and now a very promising young filly, after having "run" herself for a good part of this twenty years, was on the point of taking the bit between her teeth and of running away altogether. The family carry-all, whose front seat he had left in order that he might irresponsibly dangle his legs out from behind, was in danger of a runaway and a smash-up, and he was forced to the humiliating expedient of installing a more competent driver than himself in his own place behind the dash-board.

Ogden slid rapidly along the narrow aisle which ran behind the row of coops that confined the tellers, and found Fairchild going over yesterday's balances with the general bookkeeper. Here he was intercepted by the last of the messengers, who had had some delay in getting his batch of drafts and notes arranged properly into a route.

He was a boy of seventeen, with a pert nose and a pasty complexion. He had put on his hat with a backward tilt that displayed his bang. He was the son of a millionaire stockholder, and was on the threshold of his business career. He panted for consideration, and he had found, during an experience of six months, that most consideration was to be won from the newest men.

"What's up now, George?" he asked, familiarly. He twitched his narrow little shoulders as he teetered back and forth on his toes. "Old man on the rampage some more? He's had it pretty bad for the last three weeks."

"Oh, get out!" Ogden responded, briefly.

Fairchild was a man well on in the fifties. He had a quiet, self-contained manner, a smooth forehead, a gray mustache. His general trustworthiness was highly esteemed by Brainard, who generally treated him with civility and sometimes almost with consideration. He had his privileges. A member of the board of directors in the Brainard interest, he would be given the opportunity to resign whenever some especially dubious piece of business was looming up, with the certainty of re-election within the year. He was too old to tear himself up by the roots, and too valuable to be allowed, in any event, the radical boon of transplantation. Of course he paid for such a concession; he acted as a buffer between Brainard and the more pathetic of the stockholders, and now, as we see, he was summoned to deal with a domestic crisis.

"My dear girl," Ogden presently heard him saying, in a dry, cautious, and yet somewhat parental tone, "you know what his position is. Not in the church; no, I don't mean that. He is only a policy clerk in that insurance office, at ten dollars a week, probably—hardly enough for him to live on decently alone. Yes, I know he gets more from the choir, but even that—"

Ogden stopped one ear by propping his elbow on his ledger and putting his hand to his head, and went on with his writing as well as he could. But he had left the Underground for St. Asaph's; he was busy no longer with notes for collection, but with the notes—the melting tenor notes—of the all-admired Vibert. His fellow-clerks noiselessly retired, and a long train of choristers slowly made their way through the long aisle the others had left vacant. Among them Vibert—tall, dark, hard, and cruel: an angel, possibly; but if so, surely one of the fallen. And a little girl of eighteen, whose blue eyes showed out from under her fluffy blond locks, and whose lips were parted in a radiant, reverent smile, steadied a trembling hand on the back of a pew, and looked after him with a fond, open, and intense regard that was a perfect epitome of love.

Those same blue eyes were now on the other side of the partition, regarding her father's lieutenant with a look as bright and hard as was ever her father's own; and as she listened to the words of warning, those same full and pliant lips set themselves in a firm line that Brainard himself could not have made straighter or more unswerving.

"Nobody really knows," the cashier went on, "who his people are, or where he is from, or anything definite about him. He is one of thousands. Here is a town full to overflowing with single young men. They come from everywhere, for all reasons. They are taken on faith, largely, and are treated pretty well. Most of them are all right, no doubt; but others— Of course I know nothing about Mr.—about this one; but your own brother, now—"

"That's just what I tell her," broke in Brainard, with a distressful whimper. "Burt says, and he knows it's true, that—"

Ogden again stopped his ears. If by any possibility there was aught good under that chaste surplice, he would not wilfully deprive himself of any chance for belief. If that full neck and heavy jaw and sinister eye and world-worn cheek and elaborate assumption of professional sanctity offered the slightest prospect of decent manliness and of happy home life, he would not allow one mere solitary phrase to shut that prospect out. But he could not shut out a disgust that gradually crept in upon him—a disgust for the man who would arrange the most sacred and confidential affairs of his family circle in the same general fashion that he would use for dealing with the concerns of an ordinary business acquaintance; a disgust for the family life in which such a state of things was possible. Had the girl no mother? She had indeed; but that mother was an invalid—one who, with the advancing years, had come to know more and more of tonics and cordials, and less and less of her daughters' needs. Had she no brother? But what can a brother do?—order the intruder from the premises and intimidate him from returning, which Burt had done. Were there no friends or relations to see how matters were going and to speak out their minds boldly? But when ever has such a course availed? The friends cease to be friends, and the relatives are relatives at a greater remove only, and all goes on as before. No; there was only one way to settle this affair—the "business" way; and that way Brainard took—necessarily, instinctively.

He had never lived for anything but business. He had never eaten and drunk for anything but business—his family shared his farmlike fare and his primitive hours. He had never built for anything but business; though constantly investing in grounds and buildings, he had occupied his own home for fifteen years as a tenant merely, before he could bring himself to a grudging purchase. He never dressed for anything but business—he had never worn a dress-coat in his life. He wrote about nothing but business—his nearest relative was never more than "dear sir," and he himself was never otherwise than "yours truly"; and he wrote on business letter-heads even to his family. And now that the present domestic difficulty was to be adjusted, no other method was available. But he had the satisfaction of feeling that his daughter was meeting him in his own spirit and on his own ground.

She eyed him with a cold and direct gaze like that of the sun which is setting in a clear winter sky. Not a single cloud-shred of affection showed itself in the wide expanse of crisp and tingling atmosphere which she seemed to have created about her; not a particle of floating vapor helped to diffuse a glow of sentiment over a situation which had much need of some such softening influence. Her fierce little glance tore down every scrap of reverence, of home love, of filial duty: life had never seemed to him quite so bald, so unfurnished, so bereft of unbusinesslike non-essentials.

"I shall marry Russell," she declared, "in spite of you and in spite of everything. You may say that he has no money, and that you don't know his family; and Burt may forbid him the house and go prying into his private affairs; and you may say that he has no friends and no abilities, and as much more as you please. I don't care; I shall be his wife. I won't believe any of these things, and nobody shall separate us."

She rose, flushed and frowning, and walked out firmly. Fairchild opened the opposite door and moved off quietly to his own place. Brainard brushed aside a pile of abstracts and mortgages that encumbered his desk, found an opening big enough for his elbow, and leaned over his blotting-pad with an air of utter dejection and defeat.

IV.

On the twelfth floor of the Clifton—at the far end of a long corridor—is the office of Eugene H. McDowell, real estate.

Ogden, at the beginning of one of his brief noonings, took the elevator up to the quarters of his coming brother-in-law.

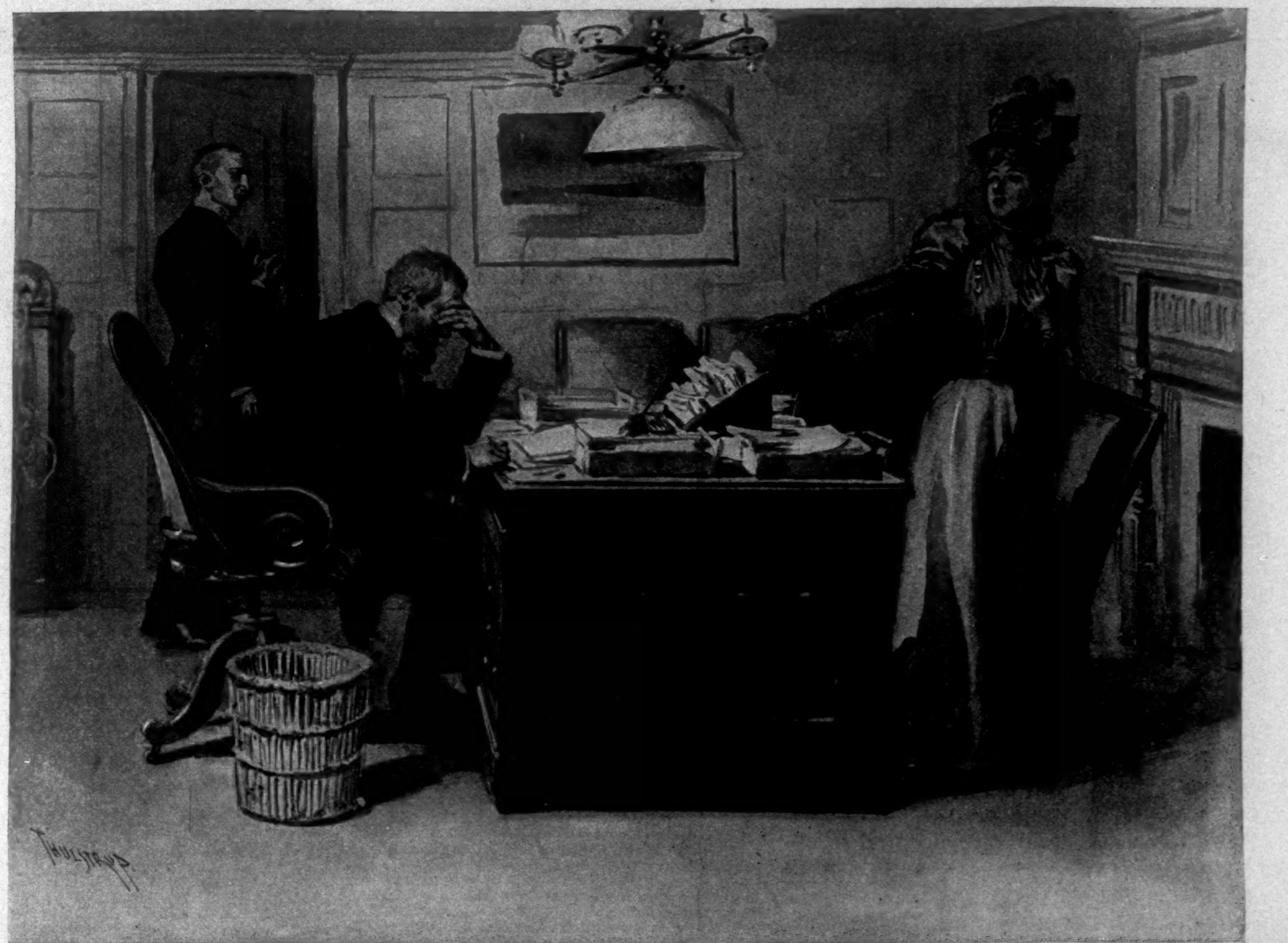
He found McDowell stretching himself violently in his swivel-chair, which was tilted as far back as its mechanism would permit; his head was thrown back too, as far as anatomical considerations would allow. His eyes would have seen the ceiling if they had not been so tight shut; his Adam's-apple appeared prominently between the turned-down points of his collar. His desk was strewn with a litter of papers, and the tassels depending from his map-rack began a trembling at varying heights as Ogden closed the door behind him.

"Waugh—oo!" yawned McDowell, with his mouth at its widest. Then he let his chair down, all at once. "Oh, it's you, George, is it?"

He used the careless and patronizing freedom of a man of thirty-odd to another several years his junior—of a man in business for himself to a man in business for some one else—of a man who was presently to undertake the protection and support of the other's sister.

"Sit down." He motioned Ogden to a chair which stood close to the window—a window that looked out on the court and that commanded the multifarious panorama of daily business going on behind the ranks and rows of great glass sheets which formed the other three sides of the enclosure—the ends of over-crowded desks, the digital dumb-show of stenographers, the careful handling by shirt-sleeved clerks of the damp yellow sheets in copying-books, the shaking fingers and nodding heads that accompanied the persuasion and expostulation of personal interviews.

McDowell presented a physiognomy that seemed to have been stripped of all superfluities. He contrived to avoid the effect of absolute leanness, yet he was without a spare ounce of flesh. His cheek-bones did not obtrude themselves, nor were his finger-joints unduly prominent; yet his trousers seemed more satisfactory as trousers than his legs as legs, and his feet were in long, narrow, thin-soled shoes, through



"'I SHALL MARRY RUSSELL,' SHE DECLARED."

whose flexible leather one almost divined the articulations of his toes. His hair had shrunk back from his forehead and temples, but his mustache sprang out as boldly and decidedly as if constructed of steel wires. His nose was sharp; his eyes were like two gimlets. The effect of his presence was nervous, excitant, dry to aridity. He had a flattish chest and bony shoulders; his was an earthly tabernacle that gave its tailor considerable cause for study.

"Your friends called again this morning," he began, folding up two or three documents and thrusting them into the pigeon-holes before him. "We have had quite a session. But they're fixed finally. Does that cousin of theirs live with them?"

"Cousin? Isn't she their sister—sister-in-law?"

"I mean the other one; Miss—Bradley, isn't it?"

"Oh! Well, no; she comes in and stays with them a week now and then. But her people live in Hinsdale."

"Hinsdale; nice country around there. Seems as if you just had to get outside of Cook County to find anything hilly or even rolling. I'd like to take it up first rate. The minute you are over the county line you get clean out of all that flat land, and everything's up and down—like around Worcester. But I don't believe they save much on taxes."

He tore some pencilled memoranda off the top of a pad and threw them into the waste-basket.

"Yes, the sister-in-law was here, all right enough. She's a pretty smart woman, too; got a good deal more head than any of the rest of them. She's striking out a little late, but she may make something of herself yet.

"But she wants to get that poetical streak out of her," he went on. "What was it she said, now? Oh, yes; all this downtown racket came to her like the music of a battle-hymn. Our hustling, it seems, resembles a hand-to-hand combat from street to street; she lugged in mediæval Florence. And to finish up with, she told me I was like a gladiator stripped for the fray." He ran his hand down the stripes of his handsome trousers. "What did she mean by that? Was it some of her Boston literary business?"

He lifted his hand and thoughtfully twirled the scanty locks over one of his ears.

"Here's a letter I got this morning from Kittie." He drew out a small folded sheet from the bottom of a pile of correspondence. "She has about come around to my way of thinking. There don't seem any very good reason for my travelling away down there again, especially when your father and mother are going to move out here anyway. I'm awful busy. She'll have her own family at the wedding then, and she'll give me a show to scare up some of mine. Things are just too rushing—that's the amount of it."

"I'm glad to have it settled one way or another," George said. "And how about that other affair—have you made any report to father?"

"Yes. That's as good as settled. The deeds are all made out; they've only got to be signed." He reached into one of his pigeon-holes and brought out a bulk of bluish paper whose fractious folds were held in some shape by a wide rubber strap. "Here's one of the abstracts—just come in. The other is a good deal longer and the copy isn't finished. I suppose they'll put that one on a board."

He snapped the band once or twice and put the abstracts back again.

"I'm glad," he said, "that your father has finally decided to pull up altogether and to transfer everything to the West. That old block of his was wanting repairs all the time; I don't believe it paid him four per cent. It takes more than soldiers' monuments and musical festivals to make a town move."

George felt his heart give an indignant throb. He seemed to see before him the spokesman of a community where prosperity had drugged patriotism into unconsciousness, and where the bare scaffoldings of materialism felt themselves quite independent of the graces and draperies of culture. It seemed hardly possible that one short month could make his native New England appear so small, so provincial, so left behind.

"You've got to have snap, go. You've got to have a big new country behind you. How much do you suppose people in Iowa and Kansas and Minnesota think about Down East? Not a great deal. It's Chicago they're looking to. This town looms up before them and shuts out Boston and New York and the whole seaboard from the sight and the thoughts of the West and the Northwest and the New Northwest and the Far West and all other Wests yet to be invented. They read our papers; they come here to buy and to enjoy themselves." He turned his thumb towards the ceiling, and gave it an upward thrust that sent it through the six ceilings above it. "If you'd go up on our roof and hear them talking—"

"Oh, well," said George; "hadn't we better get something to eat?"

"And what kind of a town is it that's wanted," pursued McDowell, as he pulled down the cover of his desk, "to take up a big national enterprise and put it through with a rush? A big town, of course, but one that has grown big so fast that it hasn't had time to grow old. One with lots of youth and plenty of momentum. Young enough to be confident and enthusiastic, and to have no cliques and sets full of bickerings and jealousies. A town that will all pull one way. What's New York?" he asked, flourishing his towel from the corner where the wash-stand stood. "It ain't a city at all; it's like London—it's a province. Father Knickerbocker is too old, and too big and logy, and too all-fired selfish. We are the people, right here. Well, Johnny, you hold the fort," he called to a boy who was dividing an open-eyed attention between this oration and his own sandwich; "I've got to have a bite myself."

"How are you getting on downstairs?" he asked as they tramped over the tiles of the long corridor towards the elevators. "I hear you were over at Brainard's house last night. He's a fine bird. And his son is like him. He's got another, hasn't he—a younger one? In the bank, isn't he? Used to be. Well, he might be without your knowing it. Queer genius—his father don't know what to do with him. He's kind of in the background, as it were. How did you happen to go over there?"

"Papers to sign. Mr. Brainard was at home, sick. It was something that they could hardly give to any of the boys to manage. I met his other daughter."

"Other? Didn't know he had any. Got two, has he? And two sons. Well, he's a great old father, from all I hear, and I shouldn't— D—ow—n!"

But the elevator was too far past them to return.

"Here's another coming," said George, to whom the indicator showed that a cab had left the top story and was halfway down to their level.

Ogden had now gone through a novitiate of five or six weeks. After his first wrench—from the East to the West—his second one—from the West Side to the North—seemed an unimportant matter. He had learned his new neighborhood, had made a few acquaintances there, had become familiar with his work at the bank; and the early coming of his own family, who had elected to swell the great westward movement by the contribution of themselves and all their worldly goods, helped him to the feeling of being tolerably well at home. From the vantage-ground of a secure present and a promising future he became an interested observer of the life that swept and swirled about him. He found that there might be an inner quiet under all this vast and apparently unregulated din; he recalled how, in a cotton factory or a copper foundry, the hands talked among themselves in tones lower than the average, rather than higher. The rumble of drays and the clang of street-car gongs became less disconcerting; the town's swarming hordes presently appeared less slovenly in their dress and less offensive in their manners than his startled sensibilities had found them at first; even their varied physiognomies began to take on a cast less comprehensively cosmopolitan. His walks through the streets and his journeyings in the public conveyances showed him a range of human types completely unknown to his past experience; yet it soon came to seem possible that all these different elements might be scheduled, classified, brought into a sort of *catalogue raisonné* which should give every feature its proper place—skulls, foreheads, gaits, odors, facial angles; ears, with their different shapes and sets; eyes, with their varying shapes and colors; hair, with its divergent shades and textures; noses, with their multiplied turns and outlines; dialects, brogues, patois, accents in all their palatal and labial varieties, and according to all the differentiations in pharynx, larynx, and epiglottis.

He disposed as readily of the Germans, Irish, and Swedes as of the negroes and the Chinese. But how to tell the Poles from the Bohemians? How to distinguish the Sicilians from the Greeks? How to catalogue the various grades of Jews? How to tabulate the Medes, and the Elamites, and the Cappadocians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia?

During the enforced leisure of his first weeks he had gone several times to the City Hall, and had ascended in the elevator to the reading-room of the public library. On one of these occasions a heavy and sudden downpour had filled the room with readers and had closed all the windows. The downpour without seemed but a trifle compared with the confused cataract of conflicting nationalities within, and the fumes of incense that the united throng caused to rise upon the altar of learning stunned him with a sudden and sickening surprise—the bogs of Kilkenny, the dung-heaps

(*Continued on page 554.*)

MOUNTED PISTOL PRACTICE, FIRST UNITED STATES CAVALRY—"HE WON'T HAVE IT."

THE REVOLVER IN OUR ARMY.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK S. FOLTZ, FIRST U. S. CAVALRY.

BROUGHT to the front during the rebellion, and developed into its present forms by American ingenuity, the revolver may properly be called our national weapon.

For years Russia was the only European power that showed any marked appreciation of the invention, and even she allowed her troopers for practice but five ball-cartridges per annum.

The revolver is the one weapon which we regard as inseparable from the trooper. The sabre we fasten to the saddle; for a man on foot with a scabbard jangling about his legs is about as capable of useful effort as a fox-hound with a tin pan tied to his tail. The carbine in its sheath also hangs on the horse, or in camp lies guarded from rust in the folds of a blanket. But the revolver, from the time the trooper girds up his loins in the gray dawn until he has dried his boots and smoked his last pipe at the camp-fire, lies snugly behind the right hip, out of the way, but ever ready to the hand.

Wonderful shooting is done with accurately sighted revolvers, and the makers present beautiful targets for our inspection; but all those bull's-eyes are made with a more or less deliberate aim, the shooter being motionless.

There is, however, another kind of revolver practice, about which little is known, and on which our cavalry is now experimenting. I refer to practice from a moving horse.

Ever since the introduction of the revolver it seems to have been taken for granted that the trooper could, with six shots at his command, do considerable damage to his enemy, and then draw sabre, before the charge brought him within striking distance. We have heard talk of abolishing the sabre; we have heard of a revolver charge which was to so shake the foe that only the shock of horse on horse would be needed to complete the rout. But how little has been seen of the skill which was thus to turn our swords into ploughshares?

Some particular individual on a specially selected and highly trained horse may do good pistol-shooting at the full run, but that this is a rare accomplishment may be inferred from the fact that we see no such exhibitions in any of the so-called "Wild West" performances.

Every "cowboy" wears at least one six-shooter, and is ever ready to show his skill in quick drawing, and in quick or in aimed fire on foot; but when he bestrides a galloping horse, though he may claim to smash glass balls with a Winchester rifle, he will not put his revolver to any serious test.

Our cavalry has in past years been so constantly occupied in the Indian country that it has had little opportunity for systematic practice or experiment, but latterly it has had a breathing-spell, which has been taken advantage of by the War Department to determine, once for all, exactly how much dependence is to be placed on the revolver, and what is its proper sphere of action.

A short description of the manner in which the cavalry is working may not be uninteresting.

Two models of the revolver are in use in the army—the Colt and the Smith & Wesson; they are both single-action pistols (cocked by the thumb), and differ only mechanically. They weigh about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, have a total length of $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and throw a 230-grain bullet with 28 grains of powder. The calibre is $\frac{45}{100}$ of an inch. At 300 yards the bullet penetrates over two inches in white pine (one inch corresponding to a dangerous wound), and at 200 yards the weapon can be used with great effect, where a sitting or lying position can be taken or a rest obtained.

The most important essential of a cavalry revolver is "stopping power"; its bullet should give sufficient shock *to the system* to stop a horse in full career, while it is not necessary that its extreme range should be greater than that of a shot-gun—50 to 75 yards.

Our revolvers have unnecessary accuracy and range; their length and weight might be reduced without loss of usefulness; or—retaining the weight—the calibre, and thus the "stopping power," might be increased.

The American pocket revolver (calibre 32 or 38 hundredths of an inch) is justly celebrated for its accuracy, range, and penetration; but a horse might be perforated time and again by its little bullets and still charge on the shooter.*

Double-acting or self-cocking revolvers have been in use for years; but the weight of opinion of the wearers of the belt seems to be that a man sufficiently expert to be trusted with a six-shooter can fire a single-action pistol as rapidly as he would use a self-cocker, and do better shooting with it.

The pistol is held so that the little finger lies under the butt, thus fixing the direction of the barrel with reference to the hand; but any attempt at aiming is impracticable on the average horse at a gallop, and revolver practice thus takes rank as an art with stone-throwing, lassoing, and the use of the bow.

By using the reloading machinery now furnished, the ammunition allowance can be so utilized as to give each trooper about 400 rounds of revolver ball-cartridges per annum—this in addition to a liberal allowance of blank ammunition for the training of his horse.

Two targets are used, the first representing a standing man in the act of firing; the second, a man on horseback.

The horses having been duly accustomed to the report of the pistol and the appearance of the targets, the practice of a troop of cavalry is conducted as follows. A course is laid out as shown in the figure.

Five targets—standing men—are set up at 5 yards from the track. Inside the course, and opposite each target, is stationed a man who calls out to the scorer the result of the shot at his target, and pastes up the bullet-holes.

The troop being in line (as in diagram), each man moves out in turn, "raises pistol," and passes the targets at a walk, firing to the right at each figure (five shots). This is then repeated, moving in the opposite direction and firing to the left.

The markers now turn the targets 45 degrees for firing to the "right front," or to the right of the horse's head as they pass down the track; another turn places the targets for firing to the left front; and lastly, five shots are fired to the "right rear," over the horse's croup, after passing the targets.

The course so far has been all at a walk, and at very short range—25 shots in all. It is now repeated at a gallop, and again at a gallop with the figures moved back to 10 yards. The silhouette of the man on horseback is now substituted for the standing figure, and the course repeated for the fourth time.

Next come some tests intended to determine the effect of riding at an enemy and delivering the five shots as you approach from 50 yards.

The standing figures are first arranged exactly as indicated in the diagram. The trooper, galloping around the track, first fires to his right front when at about 40 yards from the first target (that being about the distance at which he finds the target showing full front). Passing along the track, he fires at each figure in turn, his last shot being delivered at a distance of about seven yards. A similar run is made to the left, and then both of these exercises are repeated with the horse figures.

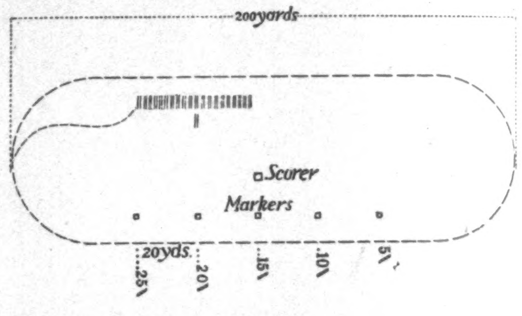
The course has thus consisted of 120 shots; and the recorded score fixes the standing of each man, and influences the selection of one trooper to represent the troop at the annual department revolver competition.

The preliminary practice, in which the rest of the ammunition is expended, precedes this regular course, and is conducted in a similar manner, with a view to giving each man all possible opportunity to correct his errors, or to train himself or his horse in any one of the exercises.

The department revolver match assembles some 30 or 40 competitors, officers and men, from three or four regiments. Lots are drawn for horses, and without preliminary practice the competition begins. Under these circumstances the scores are not up to the standard established by the competitor when shooting from his own horse, and many a man finds that his mount deserved more than half the credit for the scores that sent the rider to the competition.

Horses, like human beings, take their first fire-training very differently. This young sorrel, fresh from the freedom of the range where he was bred, pricks up his ears and shakes his head at the first report; but if he is not allowed to see other horses misbehave until he is confirmed in his indifference to fire, he will never give any trouble.

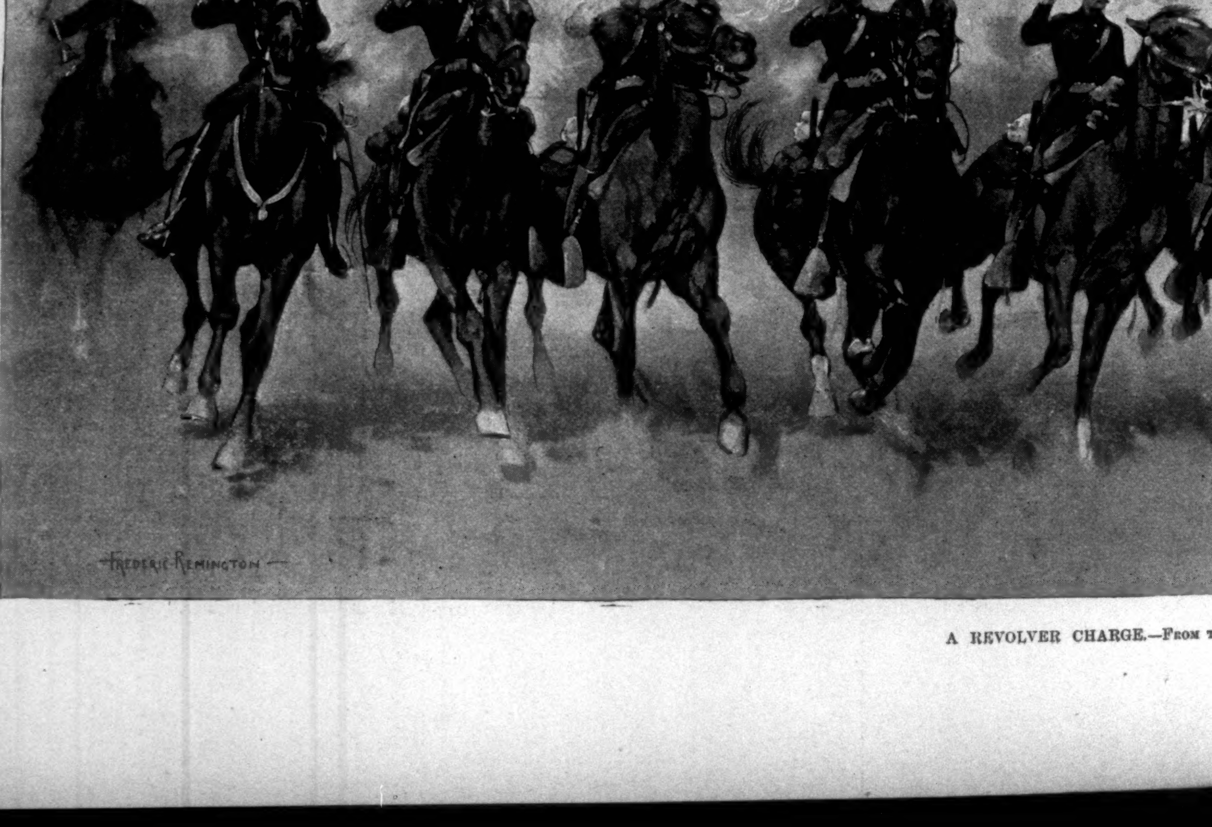
Here, however, stopping with rigid fore legs at the target, is an old charger, the veteran of an Indian fight where his troop lost thirty-three per cent. in killed—no wounded or missing; the squaws with their beaded "headache sticks" saw to that. He will stand with his nose at his rider's elbow in the hottest carbine fire; he will



charge a locomotive if required; he knows his business and loves it—all but one little detail: he rebels with all his strength at pistol practice. Perhaps if he could speak he would tell of a powder burn on the side of the face, or of how he was deaf for a month on account of that little gun. After his "square-off" at the first target he may take the track in good form, but more often his high and mighty ways spoil all his rider's chances for a revolver medal.

Glance at the view of the revolver charge. The horses are coming at full run right down upon the camera. Multiply the length of the little squad by ten, and you have a fair idea of what you would have to face in a troop of swordsmen charging these scatterers of thunder-bolts. Each of those war-dogs will speak to

* See the recent English experiments with the new military rifle, calibre .30, where it took nine hits to stop a running pig!

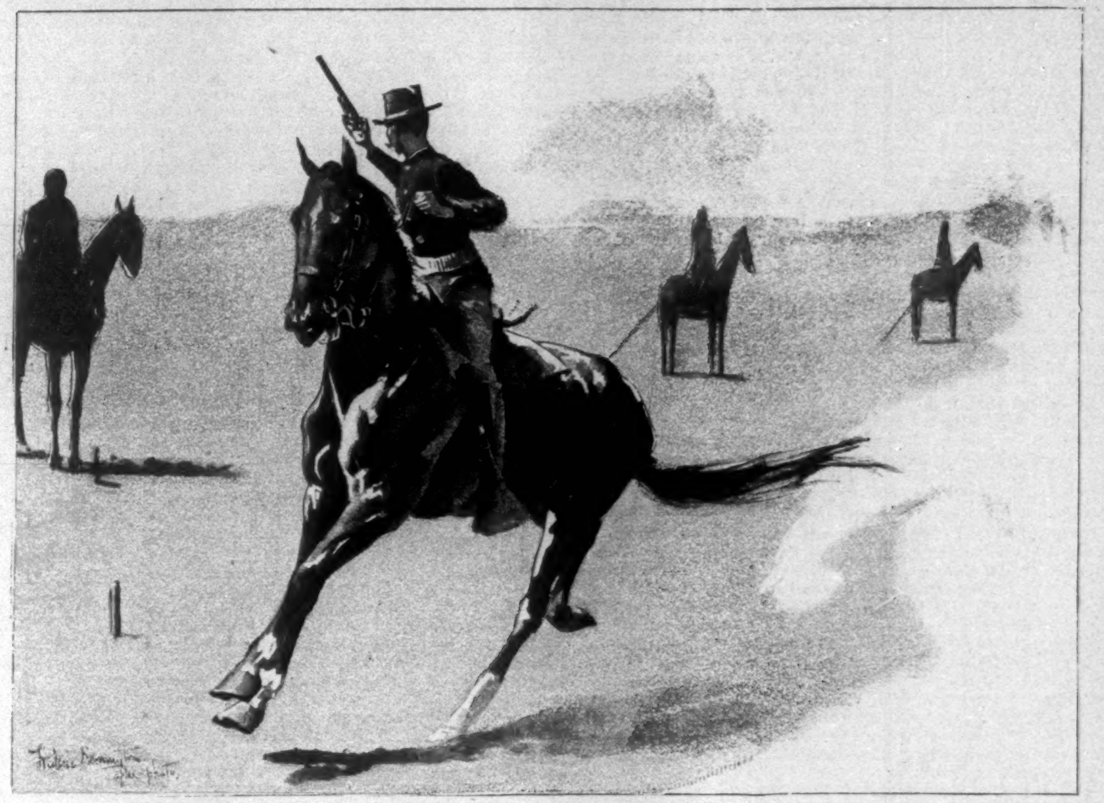


A REVOLVER CHARGE.—From t

you six times while you close up the last hundred yards; then with a flash a bright blade is ready to cross your own.

"Ay," you say, "but the shooting in such a charge is wild; some fire but once or twice; the hurlers of thunderbolts will veer off short of actual collision, so as to derive the full advantage of their missile weapons. The horse, the true missile of the charge, will miss his target, while the *sabreur*, helpless until he can leap his maddened charger against his adversary, rides steadily, furiously, with set teeth and staring eye, knowing that his sole chance for life, as well as glory, lies in quickly striking home with horse, blade, body, and soul."

These pistol experiments are still far from complete, and it would be premature to draw conclusions, but we have gone far enough to learn that we have a serious task before us in making a mounted pistol-shot even from the best material—a good rider who can shoot well on foot and a steady troop-horse.



"MAKING A POSSIBLE."

JUNE DAYS AT WEST POINT.

WINTER, with its monotonous course of hard study and daily recurring routine of barrack life, has gone. Spring smiles. June, the month of graduation, has come, and West Point is in its glory. From far and near, east, west, north, and south, visitors are flocking to the rocky promontory on the Hudson; the trim young soldiers in their natty gray uniforms there are happy at the passing away of nearly ten months of almost unbroken seclusion from the outer world, and the "First Class men," rejoicing at the prospect of comparative freedom on the donning of "army blue," are passing through the trying ordeal of the final examinations, until that closing day of their four years of academic life, when, breaking from the ranks of the battalion for the last time, they lay aside cadet gray forever. For about two weeks preceding graduation-day the examinations take place. Mathematics, mechanics, engineering, chemistry, geology, French and Spanish, history, law, and drawing—all the various branches of study that make up the curriculum of the Military Academy—are gone over with rigid impartiality, and one by one each cadet in all the four classes appears before the Examining Board to stand or fall under the fire of its questions.

But to the great mass of visitors to the Point at this time the purely military exercises—infantry, cavalry, and artillery drills, practical engineering, pontoon and spar bridge building, mortar and great gun practice—present the most interesting episodes of cadet life. There is certainly no finer battalion of infantry anywhere than that gray and white column which, keeping measured tread to the music of the band, colors flying, polished bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, sweeps proudly over the smooth green turf of the parade, passing in review before the Board of Visitors, or which on another day sends its long lines of skirmishers over the plains, firing in advance or retreat, rallying and deploying with a snap and dash, a precision of movement and a uniformity of execution, such as can only be produced by careful training backed by the superior intelligence of the trained. Hard riders too, these bold active lads. Where will be found more daring, devil-may-care horsemanship than when the "First Class" practises in the "Hall," or in the last mad dash of the graduating ride? The most stirring of all the martial pictures, however, is that when the light battery rumbles out on the hard surface of the yellow grassless "Plain." Sullen and grim the black-mouthed guns line up as the battery is formed and the young cannoneers take their places.

The trumpet sounds; quick as a flash they bound on limber and caisson, and, with roar of heavy wheels and beat of iron-shod hoofs the whole battery moves forward. One after the other movement follows movement, now at the trot, now at the gallop. The drivers lean forward as they urge the horses on, the "First-Class" officers wave their sabres, and commands ring out from youthful throats high over the din; the scarlet and white guidon streams in the dust-cloud, the sunlight glints on the shining tires of the wheels, loud blares the trumpet, and the guns swing into battery. Quick as thought they unlimber, and almost as the trails touch the ground the thunder of their voices wakens answering echoes from the rocky heights beyond, and the figures of the young artillerymen loom shadowy through the thick masses of powder smoke as gun after gun bursts out in angry fire, blazing like lightning in the sulphurous vapor.

THE NATIVE HOMES OF OUR CHINESE.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D.D.*

ALL the Chinese in the United States and Canada come from one corner of the province of Kwang-Tung, the most southerly of the eighteen provinces of China. It is safe to say that there are not more than a score of Chinamen in this country who have come from any other province, and these are mostly diplomatic agents or students attending institutions of learning in this country. Most of the merchant class come from the Sam-Yap districts, or that part of the province in and around Canton. About 20,000 belong to the district of Heong-Shan, near the Portuguese colony of Macao, most of whom are employed in Californian factories and packing-houses. Two or three thousand Chinese barbers in the United States belong to the Hak-ka's, formerly a persecuted gypsy tribe that once roved about the southern provinces. About seven-tenths of the Chinese in America, Canada, and Australia are Sze-Yap men, so called from the four districts of San-Wei, San-Ning, Hoy-Ping, and Yan-Ping, where their homes are found, and they are laborers on ranches and railroads, or laundrymen and domestic servants.

That the Chinese have emigrated from no other province in China is easily explained. Canton was the first Chinese port open to foreign trade and residence, and it was the Cantonese who were first invited to this country, "in those days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

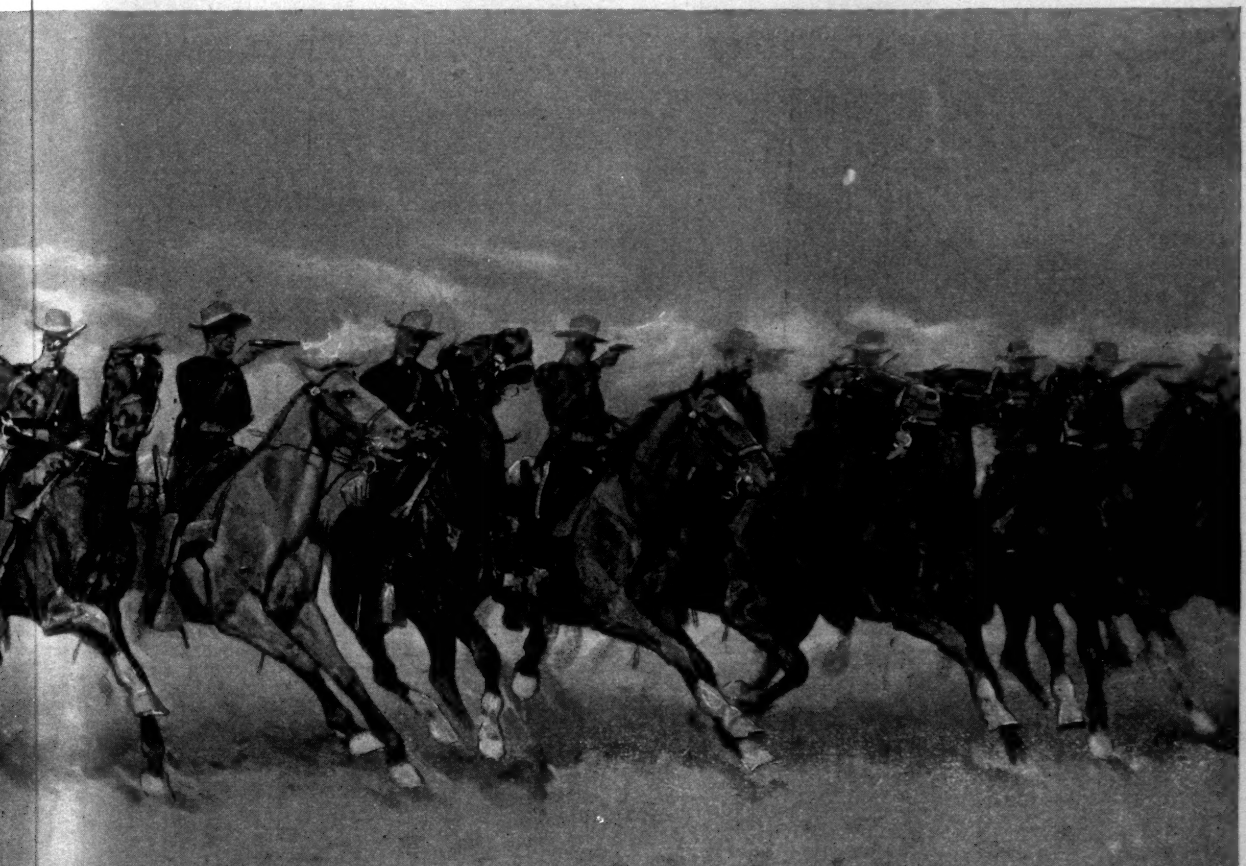
The Cantonese are the most daring, energetic, and enterprising people in the empire. They are found in all the principal cities of their own land, and are the only Chinese who have shown any disposition to leave their native land. The Chinese government has always discouraged emigration, and would no doubt have prevented it if possible; but the homes of these emigrants are in close proximity to the British colony of Hong-Kong, which is the *entrepôt* of transpacific ships, and is outside the jurisdiction of his Celestial Majesty, who can no more prevent the emigration of his subjects from Victoria Harbor than King Charles the First could stop Englishmen sailing to America from the ports of Holland. A Cantonese desiring to emigrate to California would simply call at some agency in Hong-Kong, place himself in communication with one of the Six Companies, or the guild that is related to his clan, who would advance his passage-money, meet him on his arrival, provide him with lodgings, place him in the way of getting work, and protect him during his residence abroad. An emigrant from any other part of China would find himself an utter stranger, without friends and shelter, speaking an unintelligible dialect, and unable to claim the patronage of those tribal and exclusive guilds without which it would be impossible for a Chinaman, ignorant of our language, to make his way. It will not excite surprise when I state that I have stood on the top of a mountain commanding a view of almost the entire district to which the great majority of the Chinese in America belong.

Among the pleasantest memories of my nine years' residence in South China are the frequent visits I made to the Sze-Yap districts. Taking a native boat with one mast and sail, and a crew of six Chinese sailors, the journey—150 miles southwest of Canton city—is accomplished in about five days. The first Sze-Yap city we reach is the city of San-Wei, containing a population of 250,000 people. My reception was not as cordial as when I first visited the place in ante-restriction days. While preaching in Chinese to a large audience in a temple-yard a brick was thrown dangerously near my head. Remonstrating with my antagonist, he replied, in good English, "You Americans threw bricks at me; I throw brick at you; you drive Chinese out of your country, and we will drive all foreign devils out of ours." I informed him that I had never been in America. He asked me from whence I came. I hesitated to reply. I might have confessed that I was an Englishman, but I feared another brick.

Leaving San-Wei, the scenery is of surpassing beauty. Our course lay up a noble river, bounded by vegetable gardens, paddy fields, or groves of waving palms, the manufacture of fans from these palm leaves being one of the principal industries of the place. Here and there we passed picturesque temples and pagodas half hidden by immense banians, broad-leaved plantains, and groves of feathery bamboo, or little villages snugly embosomed amongst the hills that rise tier above tier till the vista closes with a range of blue mountains whose summits seem to melt into the sky. Arriving at Cheong-Sha, where the junks and passage-boats from Hong-Kong touch, we were startled by a woman's scream. On the landing-stage was a gray-headed woman who had fallen in a swoon. She had expected to meet her son, but heard a tale that broke the poor woman's heart. Her boy had met his death in a highbinder fight in San Francisco.

In these quiet law-abiding cities and villages, where parents are responsible for the conduct of their children, and elders for their clans, the yearly average is one murder to a million people. A burglary causes a sensation. Divorce is unknown. There are no saloons and no drunkenness. It is not surprising that staid old Confucianists think California a bad place for a young Chinaman's morals, and tell missionaries to preach virtue in their own homes. Of all the places I have visited, these Sze-Yap towns and villages are the most orderly. Every city has its embrasured wall, with four gates corresponding to the four points

* For eight years superintendent of the Methodist Chinese missions in California, and for nine years previous to that time a missionary in Canton, during four years of which his missionary journeys lay amongst the homes and villages of the Chinese emigrants.



THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

of the compass. The main streets are only half as wide as a Fifth Avenue sidewalk, and about the length of an ordinary block. Every street has its gate, which is closed at eight o'clock every night, the constable being made responsible for any burglar that enters from without and any disorder or crime that takes place within. Justice is swift and sure, and as a consequence there is no more law-abiding people in any land than can be found in these towns and villages. They are not always as well-behaved abroad. Some of these young men, released from the wholesome restraints of their village elders, abandon themselves to the worst excesses when they get to "the land of the free."

The Sze-Yap country is too poor for so large a population. Near the rivers the soil is fertile, but the greater part of the country is barren mountain and hill, unable to support those dense populations found on the rich alluvial plains of the Canton delta. Emigration to California formed an outlet for the sons of poverty-stricken homes, and thousands of families that would never have known anything better than a bowl of coarse rice and salt fish or a cotton-wadded garment now dress in silks and grass-cloth and fare sumptuously every day.

On all sides may be seen newly built villages with semi-foreign houses of brick, with ornamental stucco-work, glass windows, green Venetian shutters, with verandas and porches; while inside may be occasionally found boarded floors, neatly laid matting, and comfortable beds and chairs. These are the homes of well-to-do returned emigrants, and are in strange contrast to the miserable hovels of those who have staid at home, on the earthen floors of which may be seen a miscellaneous assortment of swine, poultry, and children. In several of these cities and towns I saw little chapels that had been erected at the expense of Chinese Christians in America and Australia. It is impossible to ignore the reflex influence of Christianity and our Western civilization upon this part of China. The priests and temple-keepers complain that the people are losing faith in their gods, and parents are angry to find their sons have departed from their ancestral faith while residing abroad. Every Sunday may be seen bands of Christian men on their way to a Christian church ten or fifteen miles away in some district city or market-town.

I have seen men who were deserted by wife and kindred, some who have been tortured, and one whose back had been pounded to a jelly by the headman of the village because an epidemic of small-pox was supposed to be traced to the man's refusal to comply with idolatrous rites in building his new home. The poor fellow's house was broken down and his property confiscated because he refused to renounce the religion of the "foreign devils."

Many of the more intelligent Chinese who have been abroad are imbued with the spirit of reform, and the backbone of the party of progress in China to-day is made up of men who have made their fortunes abroad, and desire nothing better than to see China adopt Western methods.

There are other influences of our civilization which are not pleasant to contemplate. Many Chinese have returned with a taste for lager-beer and California whiskey. In an out-of-the-way village through which I passed I was met by a group of well-dressed school-boys, who waited till I had got a respectable distance away, and then rolled off a string of the very oaths and curses current on the Barbary Coast and Tar Flat in San Francisco. Passing through another village, a group of urchins seated upon a temple roof fired mortar and broken crockery at me, accompanied with disparaging speculations upon my birth, expressed in English too vigorous to be repeated. These children had never been outside their native township, and had learnt from father or uncle that form of salutation so frequently addressed to poor John from the time he lands in San Francisco till he goes away.

If there are any English phrases that a Chinaman is likely to remember, because often heard, they are in the *répertoire* of the Californian hoodlum, poor John's implacable foe. For the Sze-Yap women I have great respect. They are taller and scraggier, but have more self-reliance and womanly character than the Canton women. They walk about the roads and streets with a freedom that is a charming contrast to the seclusion of Canton women. Most that I saw had bound feet. They never maim the feet to the extent practised in Canton, where it is common to see ladies with feet two and a half inches long. We met a lady one morning walking alone, without escort, evidently going to make a call at the next village. Her cheeks had the least touch of rouge; her unbonneted head was adorned with pearls and jade ornaments; she wore a dress reaching down to her heels, heavy with embroidery of blue and gold, and with strings of glittering trinkets and charms that jingled at every step she took. She was not the least disconcerted when a sharp turn of the road discovered us. She responded to my wife's salutation, and chatted familiarly with her for a few moments. At last she stooped down, lifted my wife's dress, saw an average pair of American lady's feet, gave a look of disgust, remarked that they were larger than her own, and passed on.

Thousands of these women have not seen their husbands for upwards of ten years, yet a social scandal or *liaison* is unknown. They live with their husbands' parents, and waste no time in pensive longings for their absent lords as long as remittances are received steadily from California. The Chinese are not a sentimental people. One day I witnessed the unexpected arrival of a young man from California who had been away from home six years. Mother and wife were near, but there was no rapturous embrace, no kiss of welcome, not even a hand-shake. The simple greeting was, "*Nee fan loy meh?*" (So you have come back?)

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

(*Continued from page 551.*)

of the Black Forest, the miry ways of Transylvania and Little Russia, had all contributed to it.

The universal brotherhood of man appeared before him, and it smelt of mortality—no partial, exclusive mortality, but a mortality comprehensive, universal, condensed, and averaged up from the grand totality of items.

In a human maelstrom, of which such a scene was but a simple transitory eddy, it was grateful to regain one's bearings in some degree, and to get an opportunity for meeting one or two familiar drops. It had pleased him, therefore, to find that Brainard's house was in the neighborhood of Union Park, and in the immediate vicinity of his own first lodgings; and when he went over there with his documents in his pocket he appreciated the privilege of ringing the bell of a door behind which were one or two faces that he might recognize.

The Brainards lived on a corner, and the house was so set as to allow a narrow strip of yard along the side street. It was built in the yellow limestone which used to come from quarries at Joliet, and the architect had shown his preference for the exaggerated key-stones that had so great a vogue in the late sixties. The house had a basement, and above the elaborate wooden cornice there was a mansard with several windows that were set in a frame-work of clumsy and pretentious carpentry. Behind the house was a brick stable; it had been built of cheap material and covered with a cheaper red wash. The dampness of the lower walls had caused this wash to discolor and then to fall off altogether. Around the premises there ran an old-fashioned iron fence; it stood on a stone coping that was covered with perpendicular streaks of yellow rust. In the yard a meandering asphalt walk led past a few lilacs and syringas, which were looked down upon by a painful side porch that nobody ever used. The walk in front of the house was of stone; that at the side was of plank, and showed three long lines of nail-heads.

The interior, so far as it came under Ogden's notice, was furnished with a horrible yet consistent simplicity. The large rooms were set sparely with chairs, tables, and sofas that represented the spoil of Centralia, and there were few modern additions to introduce discords. An ideal sculptured head, placed on a marble pedestal swathed in a fringed scarf of saffron silk and set between the lace curtains so as to show from the street, would have ruined the effect both within and without. Perhaps the same might be said of any other house.

Brainard himself was not visible; he was only audible. His deep voice came in a sort of deadened growl through the closed door of a small side room; and mingled with it were the querulous tones of a woman's voice—an elderly woman, a woman in poor health, a woman whom some sudden and distressed stroke had brought to the verge of tears.

The house had been built in the primitive days when local architecture was still in such exact accord with local society that anything like graded receptions was undreamed of. Everybody who seemed too good to be kept waiting in the hall was shown into the front parlor. This room had a carpet whose design was in large baskets of bright flowers, and a ceiling that was frescoed in a manner derived from a former style of railroad decoration. This scheme of decoration centred around a massive and contorted chandelier with eight globes. Nobody had ever seen the whole eight "going" at one time. Lincoln and his family were on one side of the marble mantel-piece; Grant and his family on the other.

It was in this room that Ogden was received by the elder daughter of the house. She seemed a quiet, self-poised girl, four or five years the senior of her sister. She amply filled her gown of gray woollen; her hair was drawn back from her forehead, and made a knot just above the nape of her neck. She had a pair of cool, steady gray eyes. She appeared wholesome, stable, capable of keeping herself well in hand.

"My father isn't able to see you," she said; "but if you will give me what you have brought I will take it to him."

There was a tremulousness in her voice, quite at variance with her manner and appearance. She put out her hand with a wavering motion; the flaring of the gas in her face seemed to strike her with a positive pain.

A door opened suddenly, and her brother Burt came in. He was a stocky young man three or four years older than Ogden. He seemed stuffed with importance, both present and future, both personal and parental—he was himself and his father rolled into one.

"Abbie," he said, in a sharp, curt way, "I wish you'd find father the copy of that report you made for him yesterday." He looked at Ogden in a fashion that changed the young man from a person to a thing. "We have been looking for you some time," he said. "I'll take those papers myself."

He spoke in a way that was abrupt and autocratic. Ogden recognized it as the utterance of a masterful nature, but he was unable to see that the masterful nature was moved by an emotion that must be controlled and concealed. His indignation made no allowance for this, and his subsequent ten minutes of solitary reflection left a bitterness that passed away but lingeringly. More and more, with every moment of this short wait, did he feel himself a gentleman turned into a lackey by his inferiors.

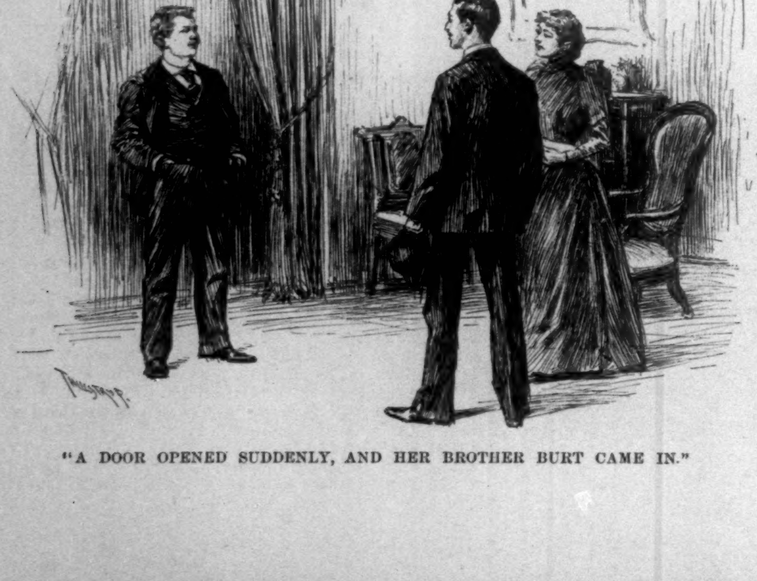
There was no salve for his wounded sensibilities, save perhaps in the look of dumb expostulation which the girl cast upon her brother, and in the few commonplace words which she addressed to their caller before she went out:

"Kindly wait a few moments, and the papers will be ready to take back. Perhaps you will find this other chair more comfortable."

It was after this fashion that he first met Abbie Brainard; met her—as he reported it to McDowell—and hardly more.

He followed his brother-in-law into the elevator and they dropped swiftly to the ground-floor. At this level is situated the Acme Lunch Room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY, AND HER BROTHER BURT CAME IN."

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

V.—THE CAT-MOTOR.

"SPEAKING of cats," said Jackson Peters, in an easy tone, turning around sidewise in his chair, "I want to—"

"But, Jackson," interposed Jones, gently, and with a touch of weariness in his voice, "let us approach this profitable and diverting narrative of yours with a clear understanding of where we are and what we are doing. Favor your expectant audience, Jackson, with an exact statement as to *who* was speaking of cats."

"Well, Robinson said he was kept awake all last night, and I supposed it was cats, of course. It's usually cats, you know. As I started to say—"

"Jackson, you jump at conclusions like a man writing history. You show yourself better fitted for a geologist than a story-teller. In point of fact, Robinson was kept awake by your improbable tale of railroad experiences in Arizona, where, you told us, they run over a steer whenever they want a steak in the dining-car. Quite enough to keep anybody awake, Jackson. Now, speaking of cats, since a definite person *has* spoken of cats, let me relate a little experience of my own which I had with them when I lived in Milwaukee. You know one of my greatest hobbies is the extraction of latent energy. I cannot rest when I see stored-up force, and work which that force might be doing. This brought about my great tramp-motor, of which I have told you. In that, you will remember, I constructed a pair of front steps on the principle of a tread-mill, on which I kept the tramp by an ingenious system of old bayonets, which rose up behind him, till his entire latent energy had been extracted. I baited my motor with my grandmother—as you must recollect, a most benevolent-appearing and tramp-attracting old gentlewoman, whose features, fortunately, I was allowed largely to inherit. Ah, I can see the dear old lady yet, in her white cap, sitting there on the stoop in the warm spring sunlight, knitting, and looking mildly over her spectacles at another 200-pound tramp coming trustingly up the gravel walk—like a lamb, gentlemen, to the slaughter!

"But to my cat idea. I had a large cork and bung factory in Grand Avenue, and I needed power to run my machinery. You know, of course, that there is an immense amount of stored-up electricity in a cat. The problem for inventors has been to invent a way to extract it profitably. Franklin looked into the subject. His idea was to tie the cat to a kite string by her tail and let her skate along across the country, the friction between the cat and the face of nature generating the electricity, the same afterwards to be extracted from the kite by induction; but the plan was too expensive. For five years it was impossible to keep a cat in the neighborhood of Menlo Park. Thomas A. Edison was working every night on the same problem; but he, too, failed. More fortunate than they, I succeeded—chiefly, I believe, because I approached the subject scientifically. In the rear of my factory I constructed a one-story circular building, some sixty feet in diameter. On the floor of this I coiled a glass pipe six inches in diameter. The first coil ran around the outside of the room, the coils gradually growing smaller, till the last, in the centre, was no larger than this table. It gave me something like a mile of pipe. The top and sides of this pipe were lined with rather stiff hair-brushes, the bristles being a little more than an inch in length.

"At that time Milwaukee was overrun with cats. It was impossible to sleep nights. I put a notice in the paper that I would pay ten cents a dozen for prime cats, delivered at my factory. I got sixty dozen the first day, and stored them in the basement of the power-house. The motor operated thus: Placing in the outer end of the glass pipe an imitation rat, made of rubber and propelled by a small interior storage battery, I would then adjust a cat immediately behind it. The rubber rat would start off at a terrific rate—it was made to go through the mile of tubing in from two to three minutes—and the cat, of course, followed furiously, thinking to catch the supposed animal throughout the entire distance. Gentlemen, it was exciting to watch a healthy, active cat whip about those spirals, with the mechanical rat about a foot ahead, and going like a cannon-

ball. The cat's back and sides rubbed against the brushes, and her electricity was thus extracted. With a storage battery, and by sending a cat through every five minutes, I generated enough electricity to operate my entire plant, light my factory, and sell power to run neighboring passenger elevators and small machinery. It also took the yowl out of the cats, and gradually the city became quiet. At the end of a week a cat could be caught and used again, an advantage which my tramp-motor did not possess, as even the most bland smile of my dear old grandmother could seldom lure on a tramp the second time."

There was silence around the table for a full minute after Jones stopped. Then Peters arched his eyebrows and slowly said:

"Jones, the weak point of your stories is always the end. You build up some marvellous—I will not say impossible—structure, and then give a lame and impotent reason for its failure or final disappearance. Now I dare say a comet struck your cat-motor, or something of that sort."

An expression almost of indignation mantled the placid features inherited from a benevolent grandmother as Jones turned to Peters and said: "You do me an injustice, Jackson. You might have heard the conclusion before making your comments. Nothing happened to that cat-engine; it is there yet. When I left Milwaukee I sold the factory to a man named Pumpernickel. He operates it still. He has also added the business of beer-bottling. On that very bottle standing before you, you will observe the words, 'Bottled by Pumpernickel, Grand Avenue.' That cork which you hold idly in your hand was shaped and forced into the bottle by cat-power—a cat-power, Jackson, which I conceived, invented, perfected, and for five years operated. It goes on the same to-day as ever, except that Pumpernickel, with the addition of the bottling, now runs through a cat every two minutes instead of every five. The next time you are in Milwaukee, go and see it: it is near the river and on the north side of the street."

Jones turned in his chair and looked out of the window with a patient, resigned air. H. C.

THE SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTIONIST.

General Joaquin Zavala, the successful leader of the revolution in Nicaragua, was born in Managua, Nicaragua, in 1837, and is of Spanish descent. When only seventeen years old he joined the militia, and was an Adjutant on General Frutos Chamorro's staff, who was President of Nicaragua at that time, namely, 1854. During his Presidency the filibustering raids of William Walker occurred.

In 1867 Señor Joaquin Zavala was appointed Minister of Foreign Relations under President Guzman's administration, and during the Presidency of Señor Cuadra in 1872, Señor Zavala was elected President of the Senate. Four years later, in 1876, under Pedro J. Chamorro's administration, Señor Zavala was appointed Minister Envoy Plenipotentiary to the neighboring republics of Central America, in order to establish friendly relations with those countries. Two years later he was elected Senator from the Department of Granada. In 1879 he was elected President by an overwhelming majority, and held office until 1883, to the satisfaction of his party as well as the people of Nicaragua. During the administration of his successor, Dr. Cardenas, Señor Zavala was appointed Minister to Washington, and while there successfully negotiated the contract for the Interoceanic Canal—commonly called the Nicaragua Canal—with the Secretary of State.

In 1888, while Señor Carazo was President of Nicaragua, Señor Zavala was again elected Senator from the Department of Granada. From that time he fulfilled the duties incumbent upon his high office without any very active participation in politics, because he mainly devoted his time to the commercial interests of his country, until the recent disturbance in Nicaragua brought him to the front in order to save his country from the imminent ruin which threatened it.

In 1891, while still holding his post as Senator of the republic, he was exiled by President Sacaza. A year later he returned to his native land, cherishing still the fond hope of improving its condition, and determined to sacrifice his dearest interests, and even his life, if necessary, for the good of his country.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Variety is assuredly the spice of life; but, paradoxical as it may appear, where all is variety there is none. Are we not also inclined to fall into the fallacy of accent in regard to the above sentence? Nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, and allspice would be but a very sorry diet for any very lengthened period. We are certainly at the present moment in New York suffering—or possibly, according to some, enjoying—a lack of variety of one kind from a superfluity of variety of the other. It would seem as if a very midsummer madness of extravaganza and vaudeville had settled down over the town. Is it not a somewhat curious fact that at the present moment in every theatre and place of public amusement, like roof gardens and music halls, now open to the public, with the exception of three or four, a variety entertainment of one kind or another is being offered for the amusement of its patrons? We are certainly living at the present moment under the reign of King Vaudeville. All these various and varied entertainments must be to the public liking and appeal to popular taste, or they would not be and continue to be. Any number of conclusions might be drawn from the present attitude of popular dramatic taste, according as to whether one believes that public taste guides or is guided by the turn of dramatic affairs. The fact of the matter probably is that as there are many men of many minds, there are and must needs be many shows of many kinds; but the present tendency in stage shows certainly points to the fact that in going to the theatre the American public goes first and foremost to be amused, and that, too, with the least possible effort on its part.

The past week saw four additions to the present lengthy list of olio entertainments now in the full tide of popularity here. The *Isle of Champagne*, seen here earlier in the season, returned to the Fifth Avenue for a tentative season of two weeks, which, judging from the size of the audiences hitherto, will probably be prolonged. Mr. Hermann reopened his own theatre with a season of magic at popular prices; a sort of café chantant on a mastodonic scale was inaugurated in the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre; and the Roof Garden in the same block was thrown open to a somewhat shivering public with a variety entertainment of the kind usual in such resorts. There must be something good about the *Isle of Champagne*, or else it would not have enjoyed the success it certainly has had this season, or continued to attract New York audiences on a return visit. Just where that virtue lies, however, is a little difficult to determine. The authors have not contributed very much, and the composer still less. If one resolves the *Isle of Champagne* into its component parts, by whatever system of analysis one chooses to adopt, Mr. Seabrooke will be found at the bottom of it, just as, if one follows the same process in regard to a modern melodrama, one will find a saw-mill, or a living bridge, or a race-course, or a tank, at the bottom of that. It seems to be the modern fashion to build a dramatic work upon an incident. In the case of melodrama the incident is usually material; in the case of extravaganza, burletta, and other hybrid types the incident is usually a comedian. To Mr. Seabrooke much credit is therefore due. He is a comedian of legitimate ability, original method, and not a little finesse. He understands the value of repose, and deprecates acrobatic comedy. He is genuinely amusing in the *Isle of Champagne*, and is evidently a growing, progressive man, whose development, one would think, would be in the direction toward which his natural artistic instincts will lead him. One is sometimes tempted to wonder why good singing comedians like Messrs. Seabrooke and Hopper do not realize the fact that while a laugh is a laugh, those methods which excite merriment by simply tickling the risibles of an audience by some current absurdity are not as lasting, and therefore in the end not as profitable, as those which heighten the merriment which it is the aim of every comedian to produce by enlisting at least a portion of the intellect to aid in producing the desired result. From a purely financial stand-point a comedian like Mr. Jefferson has reaped much greater pecuniary rewards from his legitimate comedy than have all the acrobatic comedians put together during the same time, and has also earned for himself a permanent and illustrious place in American dramatic history.

It is said that Mr. Hermann himself is about the only person who has ever been able to make money in the theatre which bears his name. Superstition at this day and age is ridiculous, of course, but it is none the less curious how a persistent adverse fate seems to pursue certain theatres and certain individuals, without any apparent tangible cause or reason. He who could once thoroughly grasp and understand the doctrine of chances would have the world at his feet. As a prestidigitateur Mr. Hermann certainly has no equal; his sleight of hand and manual dexterity and quickness are simply marvellous, and herein lies the principal charm of the entertainment he is now presenting at his theatre with much apparent success. As all the magicians to be successful must be, Mr. Hermann is a capital *farceur*, and need not therefore rely entirely on his magic to amuse his audience. In the way of mechanical tricks and so-called illusions he is somewhat behind the times, and in this respect his confrère and rival, Mr. Kellar, at Daly's, is, for the present at any rate, his superior. For example, the illusion of the Slave Girl's Dream is one over a quarter of a century old, and also one the explanation of which is given in almost every book of magic published. One would also think that the inevitable Davenport Brothers' cabinet trick would by this time have lost any possible interest for audiences, particularly when done in so conventional a way as by Mr. Hermann. The pagoda illusion is certainly a very clever one, but, as has been said above, it is in his marvellous sleight of hand, especially noticeable in his manipulation of a pack of cards, that the chief interest of Mr. Hermann's entertainment lies.

Like every dog, music certainly has its day. Lully, who practically usurped the entire musical field in France in *his* day, is practically unknown to the present generation; Boccherini, one of the most prolific composers who ever lived, as well as one of the most original and melodious, is remembered only through the medium of a single minuet; Méhul, Grétry, Spohr, even Cherubini, Mercadante, and others too numerous to mention, where are they now? Belonging to a by-gone day and age in thought and method, they are practically now artistically as dead as Cæsar. One was strongly reminded of this fact on hearing the Offenbach operetta *The Prima Donna for a Night*, which formed part of the extensively varied programme furnished at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre last week. *The Prima Donna for a Night* (*M. Choufleuri* in the French original) was first produced over thirty years ago, and was one of that group of one-act operettas which also included the *Chanson de Fortunio*, the *Mariage aux Lanternes*, and *Les Deux Aveugles*, which first brought their composer reputation and popularity. At the present day *The Prima Donna for a Night* sounds hopelessly old-fashioned, and is about as ill-fitted for production on a stage like that of the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre as anything that could well be imagined. That it was chosen for production under these conditions was probably due to the fact that, all the chorus being in modern dress, no great outlay for costumes was necessary. Miss Juliet Corden, a valuable artist with an excellent voice, was heard in the title rôle. The rest of the cast appeared, but, as far as the greater part of the audience was concerned, were not heard. If the entertainment now offered at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre does not succeed it will not be because it lacks merit, as most of the various features presented are distinctly good of their kind. When, however, in the vaudeville entertainment a couple of variety artists appear and attempt to hold the vast expanse of stage with the same tenuous methods which are successful in an ordinary music hall, one is reminded of that picture called up by the line of Virgil which runs, being translated, "A few appear struggling in a vast gulf." One would think that the management would do well to confine their attention to the spectacular part of the entertainment, which is by far the most effective and the most enjoyable. The ballet in particular is good of its kind, and presents a very pretty picture from all parts of the auditorium. In this respect, too, the management might remember that one can supplement one's sense of sight by means of opera-glasses, but that no practicable method of supplementing one's sense of hearing has yet come into use.

Roof-gardening, with the weather that prevailed last week, was certainly but cold comfort and a chilly pastime. For its opening the Madison Square Garden provided a variety entertainment no better and no worse than that usually seen in such places. Generally speaking, one would think that such an entertainment, which, as our roof gardens are arranged, can only be seen with comfort by a very limited portion of the audience, could be varied to advantage by means of a good orchestra placed in the centre of the garden, which could be enjoyed equally by all present, and which would certainly cost no more than the entertainment at present provided, if indeed as much.

The growth of Wagnerism in France is one of the most curious phases of modern musical thought. Little more than a generation ago *Tannhäuser* was enthusiastically hissed off the stage of the Paris Grand Opéra, where only a week or two since the same composer's *Walküre* was presented with a scenic investiture which it is said has exceeded that of Baireuth in realistic effect and magnificence, and received with boundless enthusiasm. Such an event may be justly looked upon as the culminating triumph of Wagnerian methods. Wagner owed his reintroduction to France to M. Pasdeloup, who persistently put Wagner on his programmes in the face of the most violent and unprecedented opposition. On one occasion, during the performance of (if memory serve) an excerpt from *Lohengrin*, the audience rose *en masse* and insisted with indescribable hubbub that the number should not be played. M. Pasdeloup stopped the orchestra, told the audience that they could listen to that number or go home, and finished the selection in spite of the discontent and reprobation of the audience, no less manifest because silenced. The riots which attended the attempted production of *Lohengrin* under the auspices of M. Lamoureux, a no less distinguished Wagnerite, only a couple of years ago, will be remembered. There can be no doubt that these riots were instigated by certain French musicians for purposes best known to themselves; and it was remarked at the time by several clever scribes that modern French musicians were altogether too deeply in Wagner's debt for them to wish for any of his works to be performed in Paris, and that the opposition therefore came from a quarter where one would least have expected it. Finally, a short time since, *Lohengrin* was produced, and made a striking success; but *Lohengrin* is by Wagner; the *Walküre is* Wagner, the embodiment of his theories and principles, and the reception accorded this latter work shows that France at last has been led captive under the mighty spell of the great master of Baireuth. The antipathy shown to Wagner and all his works until recently in France is all the more curious because for the last ten years at least the trend of modern French music has all been in the direction of Wagnerian methods and principles. This fact is patent to anybody familiar with the scores of Reyer, Massenet, Chabrier, Vincent d'Indy, and other less well known composers; but now that the French public has been treated to a specimen of the real Simon Pure article, the French critics cry out in evident relief, "Better, indeed, the master than his disciples!" The entire attitude and habit of the French theatre-goer, accustomed to look solely to the stage for the development and exposition of dramatic thought and action, were necessarily foreign and adverse to Wagnerian methods and principles, as exemplified in such a work as *Die Walküre*, and the, under the circumstances, astonishing success attained by it with press and public means an impending revolution in musical and dramatic thought and methods in France. One critic, known for many years as an enthusiastic Wagnerite and constant visitor at Baireuth, says that never, even in that very Holy of Holies of the Wagner Cult, was the score more magnificently rendered than by the orchestra of the Grand Opéra under the direction of M. Colonne. Paris is to-day the art-producing centre of the world, and in view of the additional impetus which is bound to be given to musical art at least by this successful introduction of a new factor in it, notable results and new developments may reasonably be shortly expected, and will be awaited with the deepest interest.

Reginald de Koven.

SUNDAY OPENING OF THE FAIR

FORBIDDEN BY NATIONAL AND COMMERCIAL HONOR.

Sunday opening of the World's Fair has ceased to be an open question for law-abiding, contract-keeping men. While Sunday opening was only a legislative proposal, it was proper for those who thought such opening would advance the proper uses of the day to advocate it. But when, after a full hearing of both sides, at great cost to the petitioners and to Congress, a Sunday-closing law had been passed and a repeal had been refused, and when, later, a repeal had been made impossible by the adjournment of Congress, and when, furthermore, a solemn contract had been made by the Directory for Sunday closing, on which it had received the conditioned millions of the people's money, then both patriotism and commercial honor required not only the closing of the gates, but the closing of debate. The directors, after proposing to open without even returning the money received, were influenced so far by the charge of "bad faith" as to propose to return the money, but did it in such a way as only to increase their offence against commercial honor. They voted to return it, not before breaking the contract (which they had no right even in that case to break), but *after the fair was over and all proper debts paid.* Let any *honorable business man imagine himself* doing the like. Suppose a man has by contract received $2000 for a house, and subsequently seizes the house, telling the purchaser that he will pay him back the $2000 if he makes enough money to do so above all other expenses in the next six months out of the uses to which he proposes to put the house.

Boards of trade, if they will but examine the case, will find it one in which they should make their protests against a stain upon national and commercial honor. Even if by some technicality of law Sunday opening should escape the penalty of the courts, there is no escape from several dishonorable facts in the case.

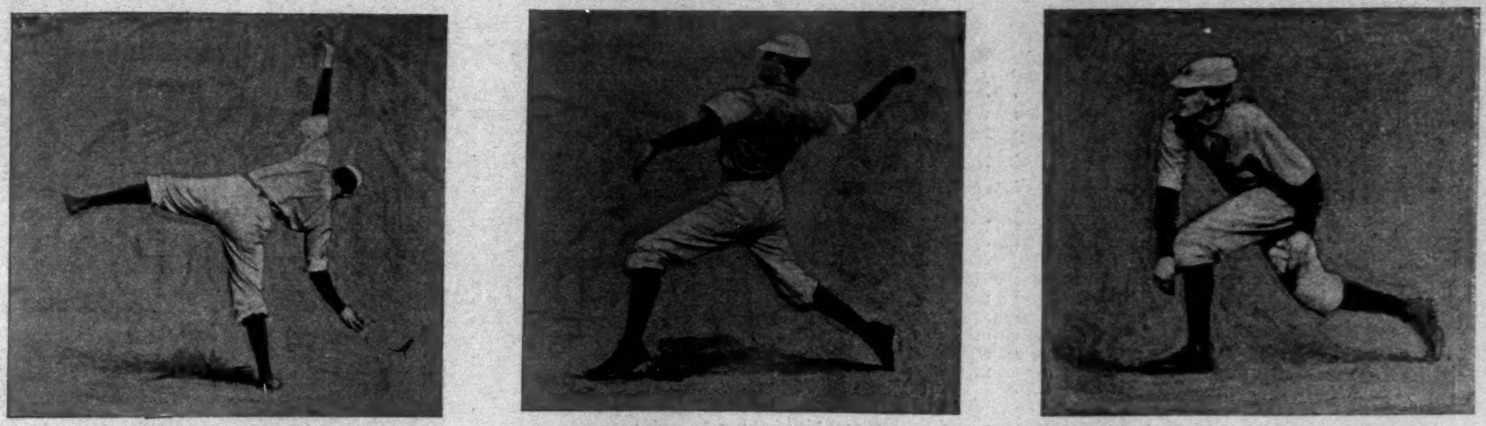
First, the Sunday opening that was accomplished on May 28th was in defiance of the law of Congress, when no court, State or national, had set that law aside, and while the officers of the national government were seeking, though tardily, an injunction to defend the law. The force of this act will be best understood by imagining the people generally adopting the plan of defying and disobeying a law while judgment upon it is pending in the courts.

Second, the Directory solemnly contracted to close the gates on the Sabbath, and if released by legal technicalities, will be held by commercial honor still.

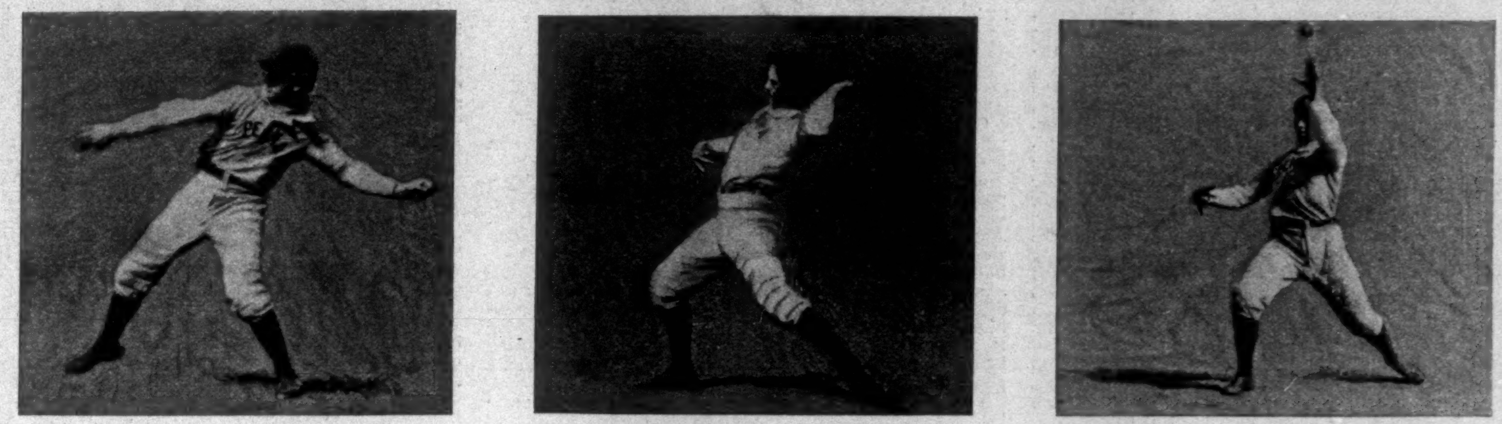
The writer anticipates that the Illinois Legislature will be asked to aid by special legislation the repudiation of the national law and business contract, but it is believed that such a course will not only stimulate the movement to conscientious non-attendance, but also arouse such a feeling of commercial revulsion at bad faith, and such a patriotic resistance of the attack on national law, as will bring the (*un*) fair management to terms. Wilbur F. Crafts,

Chairman National World's Fair Sabbath-Closing Committee.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—VENETIAN GONDOLAS ON THE LAGOON.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

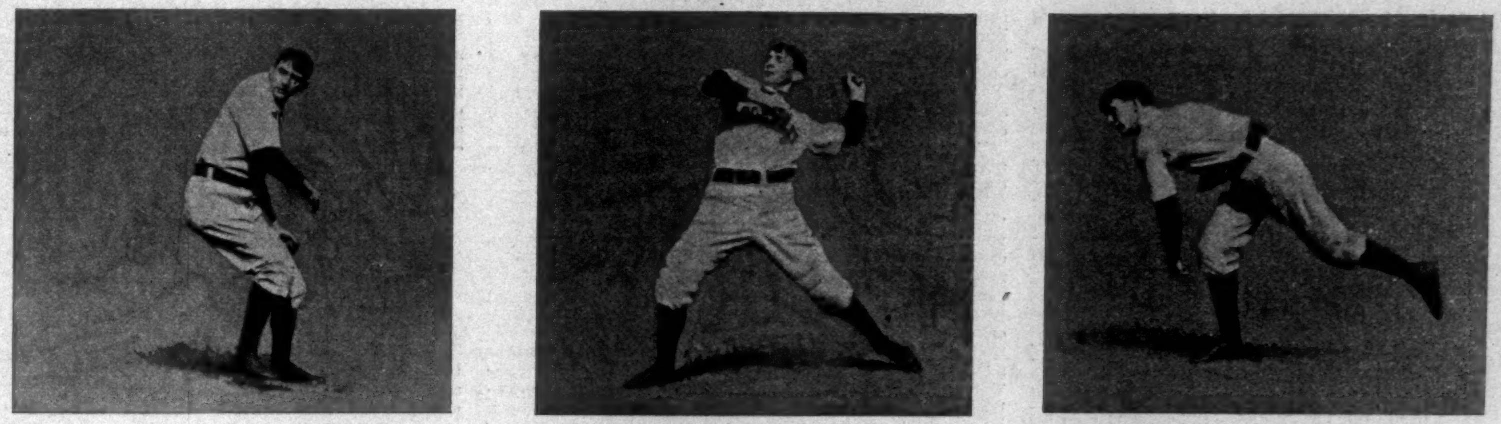


WALTER F. CARTER.—YALE.



GEORGE W. REESE.—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

GASTON DRAKE.—PRINCETON.



ASA B. PRIEST.—CORNELL.

JOSEPH WIGGIN.—HARVARD.

THE PITCHER IN THE BOX.—Delivering the Ball.—From Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 558.]

"THE KNICKERBOCKERS."

THE new comic opera of Messrs. De Koven and Smith has been the event of New York, in its own way, for the past week and more, having been produced in what Chicago will perhaps pardon us for still calling the metropolis on the 29th of May, at the pretty Garden Theatre. It has ever since been nightly filling that resort, to the great and merited profit of the collaborators.

The notion of making Irving's historical skit the basis of a comic opera will be admitted to have been a happy one. There has never been a pleasanter or more indulgent satire than the *History of New York*, attributed to Diedrich Knickerbocker, as there has very seldom been one so successful. There are, indeed, authentic traditions that certain excellent citizens of Dutch descent took umbrage at the work, and expressed unfriendly sentiments respecting its author at the time of its first appearance. The fact shows what changes have been wrought in the course of the century, and, among other things, is a tribute to the progress of American irreverence. The descendant in 1893 of one of the citizens who resented Irving's satire in 1809 who should express a like resentment would only cover himself with ridicule, though he expressed it at a dinner of the St. Nicholas Society itself.

Irving's satire, however, is not broad enough for the taste of the contemporary consumers of comic opera, and accordingly it has been considerably broadened by the librettist of the *Knickerbockers*. He has contrived to weave into the background supplied by Irving a story which is neither too improbable nor, what would perhaps be a graver fault, too probable for the purposes of comic opera, and which has diverting scenes and amusing characters. His best achievement, it is agreed, is to have furnished a congruous and congenial setting for Mr. De Koven's music; but indeed this is the most that can be said for any librettist, whether of grand and tragical or of light and comic opera. To Mr. De Koven's music the success of the piece is mainly due, and it has been very well earned. The previous essays of the composer have given him not only an increase in facility and in the power of judging what musical ideas are adapted to the form in which he has wrought, but they have also enabled him to make a decided advance upon anything that he has heretofore given to the public, considering the opera from a strictly musical point of view. The quartet of the second act and the contralto song and chorus of the third are not only melodious and taking, but highly musicianly pieces of work, which might be entered, with every prospect of success, in a musical competition much more strict and exacting than that of contemporary comic opera. Even where the music is most hilarious—and sometimes, as in *Governor Kieft's* song and chorus and in *Schermerhorn's* song and chorus, it becomes very hilarious indeed—it does not cease to be refined and musicianly or to indicate that the composer has powers for which comic opera does not provide a fair field. The refinement and skill of the orchestration throughout give another indication in the same direction: and of this the skilful treatment of the wood-wind in the overture is a very noteworthy example.

But whatever may be the indirect suggestions of the *Knickerbockers*, there is at least no doubt that for its immediate and specific purpose of providing an enjoyable evening's entertainment it is very highly successful, and nobody who goes to see and hear it can fail to acknowledge that it deserves its success. The author and composer have upon the whole been very fortunate in the presentation of their work by the "Bostonians." The well-drilled chorus of fresh voices is of itself a rarity in comic opera, while among the principals the production is made memorable by the vocal and dramatic skill and the personal charm of Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the fine voice and style of the personator of the testy Governor's famous trumpeter, and the irresistible drollery of Schermerhorn, as presented by Mr. Frothingham.

COLLEGE BASEBALL PITCHERS.

THE pitcher is far and away the most important member of a baseball nine, and it may indeed be asserted that it is entirely due to his marvellous development the game has reached the standard of skill it occupies to-day. No position on the nine has undergone such changes, none has increased its value to such an extent. There is, in fact, no game played by a team on which so much depends on any one player as in baseball, and as on the pitcher. He may almost be said to hold the key to a baseball contest, and notwithstanding the continuous effort to formulate rules that will lessen his opportunities, he apparently continues master of the situation, and holds the opposing batsman at his mercy. It is only necessary to refer to the work of Carter, of Yale, to corroborate what has been said here of the value of a clever pitcher. This young man's record shows what a pitcher can do to win games for his nine.

It is a question, often debated, which makes the pitcher the more valuable, great speed or what is known as "heady" work. Speed, of course, is essential to an effective pitcher, but it requires judgment to make it most telling. On the other hand, a heady pitcher without speed must rely on his absolute command of the ball and deceptive curves to make up for the lack in pace. Probably the best illustrations of these two types of pitchers are J. A. Highlands and Joseph Wiggin, of Harvard. The former has not been pitching this year, but his work last year proved him to be the speediest man on the amateur diamond. Wiggin, who has been Harvard's main-stay in the box this year, is distinctly what is known as a "heady" pitcher. Now and then he puts in a ball that has a good bit of pace on it, but he is not strong enough to keep it up, as does Highlands, and relies on deceiving the batter by his curves and by varying the pace. He never loses his nerve, and is one of the most valuable men to a nine at critical moments in a game.

It requires strength as well as skill to fill the box creditably, and many a man who had curves and speed has been obliged to give up trying for the position from a lack of endurance. When, occasionally, a pitcher combines speed, head-work, and endurance, he becomes immediately a "find" of the rarest description to his nine. Such a one Carter seems to be. He is not quite twenty years old, weighs 177 pounds stripped, and stands 6 feet 4 inches high. He has played ball, as has every other lad, from boyhood, but first put on a uniform with the Y.M.C.A. nine of Brooklyn, and caught for them the years the team won the championship—'88 and '89. He entered Yale in '92, and played a very successful season behind the bat. He is a natural ball-player, and does equally well infield, outfield, or in either battery position. He has always had a great arm, and his throwing to bases is accomplished by an overhand wrist-snap, which makes the ball "stay up" on a line about three feet from the ground. In pitching he uses his natural throw, with the long swing of arm and body to give extra momentum. Up to date—May 17th—he has pitched 91 innings this season and struck out 129 men, and against professionals he has pitched 15 innings and struck out 20 men. He certainly is the most effective amateur pitcher in the box to-day.

Drake of Princeton may be said to occupy a grade between Highlands and Wiggin, having some speed, and showing excellent head-work, but not so much as these two in their special strength. He uses good judgment, and is particularly strong when the men are on the bases. Reese of Pennsylvania, like Highlands, weighs about 190, and has strength and speed, and like him, has always had the "knack." His work last year was very successful. His delivery does not look very difficult, but it puzzles the batters, and he is rarely "got on to." Bayne of U. of P. has had a lame arm and has not been in the box this season. Last year he made a great record, his speed and curves puzzling opposing batsmen with persistent regularity.

Priest of Cornell has acquired his skill more by steady, intelligent practice than any inherited "knack." He is a hard worker, and his pitching, though not brilliant, is consistent and telling.

The illustrations show three positions of each man in the act of delivering the ball to the batsman.

OUR GREATEST CRUISER.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

OVER the deep water between Cape Ann and Cape Porpoise there was a recent record-breaking performance that has attracted the attention of the civilized world.

A great mass of steel, weighing 8150 tons, and carrying a powerful battery of modern rifles, was driven through the sea at the phenomenally high rate of 21 knots an hour. And this speed was not measured by patent logs, standard-sized screws, or other unreliable factors that are used abroad, but by buoys and vessels located by triangulation points ashore. Americans may therefore feel justly proud of this achievement, which gives to them the fastest armored cruiser in the world, and places the United States in the van among the great navies. This product of Yankee skill, home-made in every detail, from truck to keelson, merits more than a passing notice.

In the first place, many comparisons have been made between the *New York* and the English cruisers *Blake* and *Blenheim*, some claiming that the British vessels are faster. A careful investigation of all official data shows that whatever speed the *Blake* and *Blenheim* may have been designed to make, neither of them has ever been accredited with 21 knots. During March, 1891, the *Blake* was tried over a measured course. It was intended that forced draught should be used, but when the blowers were turned on, the Englishman's boilers leaked so badly that the idea had to be abandoned. Under natural draught, therefore, the *Blake* averaged 19.12 knots for four consecutive hours. The *Blenheim* was also tried during the same year, and attained, under natural draught, 20.4 knots for eight consecutive hours.

Lord Brassey, in his *Naval Annual*, classes these vessels as 22-knot ships. Though this may have been their designed speed, there is no official record to show that the figures given above have ever been exceeded. English enthusiasts claim that the *Blenheim* has since made 22.5 knots by a patent log. Three of these same instruments were employed on board the *New York*, and at the end of the four hours' run the mean of their readings was 23 knots. This error shows the unreliable nature of such a record. Again, both of these English ships are only protected cruisers, while the *New York* has a 5-inch belt of side armor, two heavy 10-inch barbettes, and turrets 5½ inches thick.

In all the navies of the world the only ships that have any official records showing a speed exceeding that of the *New York* are the *Veinte-Cinco de Mayo* and the *Nueve de Julio* of the Argentine Republic, and the *Piemonte* of the Italian navy. The Italian is accredited with having made 22.3 knots in 1889, and the Argentine vessels with 22.43 and 22.75 knots respectively. As all three of these vessels are only partially protected cruisers of less than half the *New York's* displacement, they are not of the same class, and should be more properly compared with torpedo-boats, some of which claim as much as 27 knots.

The statement, therefore, that the *New York* is the fastest armored cruising vessel in the world stands to-day unchallenged by any official record.

The daily newspapers have described in detail that great trial off the Massachusetts coast, but nothing has been written of the interior fittings of this vessel, that seems like a little world in itself. Some idea of the *New York's* size may be learned from the fact that were all the tubes and pipes that interlace her from stem to stern taken out and placed in one straight line, the distance covered would be considerably more than a mile. So difficult is it to communicate rapidly from one part of the vessel to another that a "central station" has been placed in the very heart of the war-ship. If the captain desires to converse with the electrician, the engineer, the gunner, or the man at the wheel, he calls up "central," and is connected in the same manner that business men are by telephone.

Again, if a fire is suddenly and without warning started in one of the coal-bunkers—an uninhabitable spot—the heat causes a column of mercury to rise. This in turn touches an electric wire, closing the circuit, and rings an alarm-bell. In the same manner, if the vessel springs a leak in the double bottom from some unknown cause, or in any water-tight compartment, a float rises and announces the fact upon a dial placed immediately outside of the captain's cabin. Away down in the depths of the ship spaces that have ever been regarded as unfit to support life are made wholesome by ventilating fans which supply pure and fresh air. As much has been done for the comfort and health of the poor Jackie as for the fortunate officer who will wield power on board this modern leviathan. In the words of Constructor Nixon, who was the master-mind in the conception of this great vessel, "Almost every calling, profession, and trade has been drawn upon in her construction, and her death-dealing as well as health-saving appliances are the best of their kind."

Standing upon the upper or spar deck and looking far down into the depths below, it seems almost impossible to realize that a finite mind could conceive such a bewildering mass of machinery. And yet, at the greatest burst of speed, I watched those four great engines revolving 135 times a minute with the ease that a child might turn a sewing-machine. They are four in number, each arranged in a separate water-tight compartment. Any one of them could propel the vessel in case the others were disabled. Each shaft is turned by two engines, with three cranks arranged at an angle of 120 degrees apart, but fuel may be economized and the vessel propelled at low speeds by uncoupling either the forward or after engines.

Speaking of the *New York*, the Board of Inspection closes its report with the following remarks: "In conclusion, the Board feels justified in recording its opinion that in the *New York* the navy of the United States will possess a vessel which, as a combination of superior speed, good armored protection, disposition of battery, excellent sea-going qualities, and rare habitability, leaves little if anything to be desired for the purpose she was designed to fulfil."

THE NEW SURGEON-GENERAL.

ON May 29th President Cleveland appointed Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Sternberg to succeed General Charles Sutherland as Surgeon-General of the United States Army. The post is the highest one in the Medical Department of the army, and carries with it the rank of Brigadier-General. General Sternberg is a native of New York, having been born June 8, 1838. He was appointed Assistant-Surgeon, with the rank of First Lieutenant, from New York, May 28, 1861, and assigned to duty with General Sykes's command, Army of the Potomac.

Dr. Sternberg served with General Sykes until August, 1862, distinguishing himself on the field of Bull Run, and gaining the commendation of his commander at the battle of Gaines Mill, the engagement at Turkey Bridge, and the conflict at Malvern Hill. After doing hospital duty for a short time at Portsmouth Grove, Rhode Island, he was with General Banks's expedition, and assistant to the Medical Director in the Department of the Gulf, until January, 1864. He was then stationed at Columbus, Ohio, and later in charge of the United States General Hospital at Cleveland. From July, 1865, to April, 1866, he was with the Thirteenth United States Infantry at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. He received the rank of Captain in May, 1866, and until October, 1867, was Post Surgeon at Fort Harker, Kansas, when he rendered valuable service during the cholera epidemic. Dr. Sternberg was then stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and during the Indian campaign was in the field from April, 1869, to 1870. A year later, when at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, he did good work during the yellow-fever epidemic. After twelve months' service at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, he was ordered to the Department of the Gulf in July, 1872, and was Acting Medical Director at New Orleans for a short time. He then was assigned to duty as Post Surgeon at Fort Barrancas, Florida, and served through two epidemics of yellow fever, where he proved to be most efficient and valuable in fighting the scourge. On December 1, 1875, Dr. Sternberg was promoted to be Major and Surgeon, and, after a short absence from duty on sick-leave, was made Attending Surgeon at the headquarters of the Department of the Columbia, May to September, 1876. From that time until May, 1879, he was Post Surgeon at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, and saw further duty in the field during the Nez Percés campaign in 1877, when he was mentioned for his "heroic conduct." Dr. Sternberg had previously earned such a reputation as an authority on yellow fever that he was made a member and secretary of the Havana Yellow Fever Commission of the National Board of Health in 1879, and continued on the National Board until 1881. He then went to the Department of California, and was Post Surgeon at Fort Mason, California, until May, 1884. Afterwards on duty at Baltimore, Maryland, and in charge of Medical Purveying Department, San Francisco, to February, 1892, being made Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy Surgeon-General, January, 1891. Since the early part of 1892 until the present time Dr. Sternberg was Attending Surgeon at New York city. Last year, during the cholera season, he was appointed Consulting Bacteriologist to the Health Officer of the Port of New York, in compliance with special request. Previous to that time he was on special duty as delegate from the United States to the International Sanitary Conference of Rome, and detailed also to make investigations in Brazil, Mexico, and Cuba relating to the etiology and prevention of yellow fever. General Sternberg is a member and Fellow of many medical and scientific societies in various parts of the world, and has published a number of works and valuable treatises upon medical and scientific subjects. He occupies a high position among his brother officers, and is well known to the medical profession.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE factors of existence that are most in evidence in June are the June bugs, the roses, and the college boys. The latter factors share the characteristics of the other two, being exuberant and blooming like the roses, and frequent and impetuous like the bugs. You cannot pin the boys up on the wall in graceful ornamental designs as you can the bugs, but they have a decorative value of their own, and they see to it that the face of nature shall be touched up in suitable places with the tints which it is their jocund monopoly to impart. Even with Dr. Briggs on trial, and an Infanta in the land, and the Columbian fair running every day in the week at Chicago, the college boy cannot be overlooked, and whether he is speaking his piece, or knocking the ball over the fence, or toiling terribly at one end of a sweep, he is bound to have his share of the public attention. Eight hundred of him, it is reported, are ready to go into business, immediately after commencement, as the motive power of wheel chairs at the Chicago fair. Meanwhile, for the most part, at this writing, he is still at his scholastic task, passing his final examinations, and making news for the daily papers.

But a good many college boys are pushing chairs at the fair already. What arrangements they have made for absenting themselves from the institutions they belong to is best known to themselves, but it is a matter of public notoriety that as chair propellers they are one of the successful features of the fair. Not only are they able to push stout ladies about for half a day at a time, but while they are at it they can impart large quantities of information and gossip, which relieve the strain of sight-seeing, and seem usually to fall upon appreciative ears. There may be fair-going females who are too haughty or too decorous to converse with their chair-boys, but no evidence is in hand of any chair-boy whose sense of propriety has hindered him from putting his conversational powers at the service of a

jaded patron. What romances may date from acquaintances formed between chair-boys and fairing dames at Jackson Park is for the post-Columbian novelist to unfold. Doubtless there will be many, in spite of the fact that sweet sixteen is, as a rule, a fairly durable pedestrian, so that it is usually her mother or her chaperon whose fatigue becomes the chair-boy's opportunity.

The chair-boy's only serious rival at the fair is the Columbian Guard. The Turks who carry Sedan chairs up and down the Plaisance, though picturesque, are not pretty, nor does a Sedan chair offer really favorable opportunities for converse between the bearers and the borne, even when the bearers know the language of the carried. The gondola-men have to work too hard to do very much talking, and though the autocrats of the electric boats can speak, and do, their opportunities are fleeting. But the guards are usually urbane and almost always beautiful. It is reasonable to look for permanent results from the impression made on the American eye by the Columbian Guard's uniform. It can hardly be that after a people has become familiar with the superior splendor of a Columbian gendarmerie it will revert without objection to the dingier glories of ordinary policemen. It will be remarkable if the Columbian uniform has not as much effect on the American policeman's garb as the Columbian buildings have on American architecture.

It is better to be a guard at the fair than a gateman. The gatemen have to take some serious chances. Every day some Mogul of the fair or nation comes to a gate without his ticket and demands to be admitted on the strength of his personal notoriety and authoritative appearance. If the gateman admits him, the Mogul has the gateman arrested for disobeying the regulations. If the gateman keeps him out, the Mogul gets angry and has him arrested for disrespect to authority. The only safe course for the gateman is to produce a half-dollar and buy the Mogul a ticket, since it is better policy to lose fifty cents by an impostor than to lose one's job.

The cost of seeing the fair is about as indefinite an item as the size of a piece of chalk or the cost of a visit to New York. One of the variable elements in it is the quality of recreation that the visitor requires in the evening after a laborious day. The particular recreation which takes the form of dinner in one of the great Chicago hotels is one that combines corporeal refreshment with intellectual entertainment, since the dinners are good dinners, and the spectacle of assorted Americans in their native costumes at their evening meal rests the jaded mind like a pleasant novel. This form of evening entertainment does not necessarily involve an expensive lodging in one of the great hotels, nor is the cost of it at all excessive, considering its quality and the need of it, and the ease with which it can be attained.

The fair continues to be wonderfully productive of squabbles and differences of opinion. The overshadowing Sunday question was not out of the way before the clamor of dissatisfaction broke out over the John Boyd Thatcher single-judge system of awards. Miss Phœbe Couzins is still dissatisfied with the action of the Women Managers. The Theodore Thomas-Steinway piano altercation smoulders still, the exhibitors are sore because the regulation of sales of merchandise is not to their satisfaction, and there was lately a prospect of a very pretty dispute over the morality of a picture in the art gallery. Perhaps it is not surprising that London papers, which are advised of all this squabbling, have pronounced the fair a failure of gigantic size. The fair may be a failure in London, but certainly it is not in Chicago. The fair-goers like it immensely. They read about the squabbles in the newspapers, but on the grounds peace and good-nature and good order abound. As for Mr. Thatcher's system of awards, it seems a pity that the fair should be hopelessly committed to a system that appears to satisfy no one but its inventor. Indeed, the pity of it is so palpable that it may fairly be expected to correct itself. No one can consider the labors and expenditures of the exhibitors, and the foreign exhibitors in particular, without hoping that their reasonable desires about sales and systems of awards will be gratified. Every one who sees the fair will be their debtor, and will want to see them go home as nearly satisfied as the inherent imperfection of all things human will admit.

The gallant conduct of Miss Murphy in rescuing keeper Hugh Downey, of the Central Park Zoo, from the wrath of her husband is enough to make the blush of shame mantle the brows of those citizens who recently denied Miss Murphy's title to the name she honors. If courage, fidelity, and presence of mind are qualities that still inspire respect, a full set of apologies are due to Miss Murphy, and Chamberlain O'Donohue should see to it that they are sent in.

To say that a man died with his boots on conveys an idea that requires no explanation. Mr. Frederic Remington seems to have had his boots on when he wrote the communication lately published in the Sunday *Sun* on the state of the United States army. Mr. Remington insists that "the hand of the fat god of rank" is extremely heavy on the army, and effectually squashes the spirit out of the likeliest young officers. He insists that the efficiency of the live men is nullified and their just ambitions thwarted by "that band of sleepy old tubs in Washington who are General This and Colonel That of the staffs, forsooth," and who "sit about with whiskey and water before a fireplace, putting up jobs on young men who are active, intelligent, and progressive." Mr. Remington's statements may possibly be somewhat exaggerated, but his manner of expressing himself is a refreshment and a treat to the unbiassed reader. If his remarks fail to do good, it will not be for lack of attention. They are not the sort of remarks to be overlooked.

If the *Evening Post* were looking for fit examples of newspaper illustration, instead of the contrary, it could have found a case in point in a recent picture in a morning paper of the Belmont houses on lower Fifth Avenue, as they appear in a spring suit of playbills. The incongruous effect of a coating of theatrical posters on one of the most dignified residences in Gotham is something the imagination could hardly hope to depict without some help from pictorial art. It is enough to make precise and decorous citizens give thanks that they can still die in certain confidence that advertisements will not be suffered to be affixed to their remains.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE FAULTS AND FOLLIES OF THE AGE

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse, and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach, and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation manifests itself, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.—[*Adv.*]

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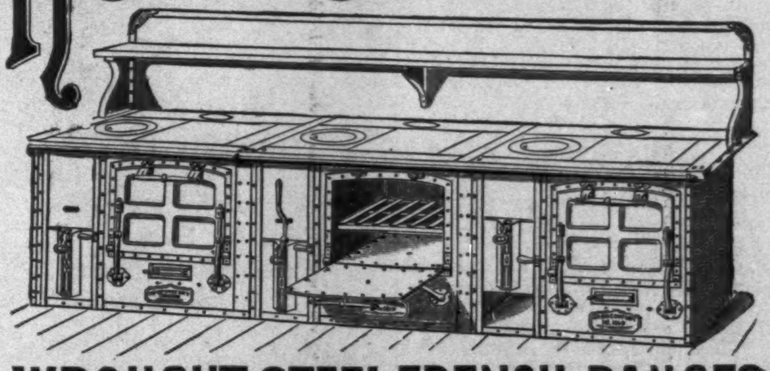

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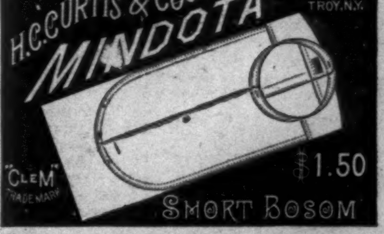

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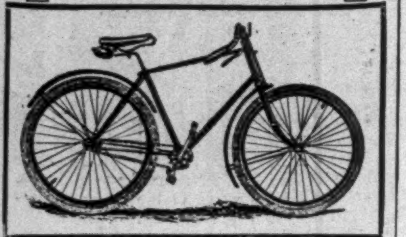

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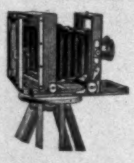

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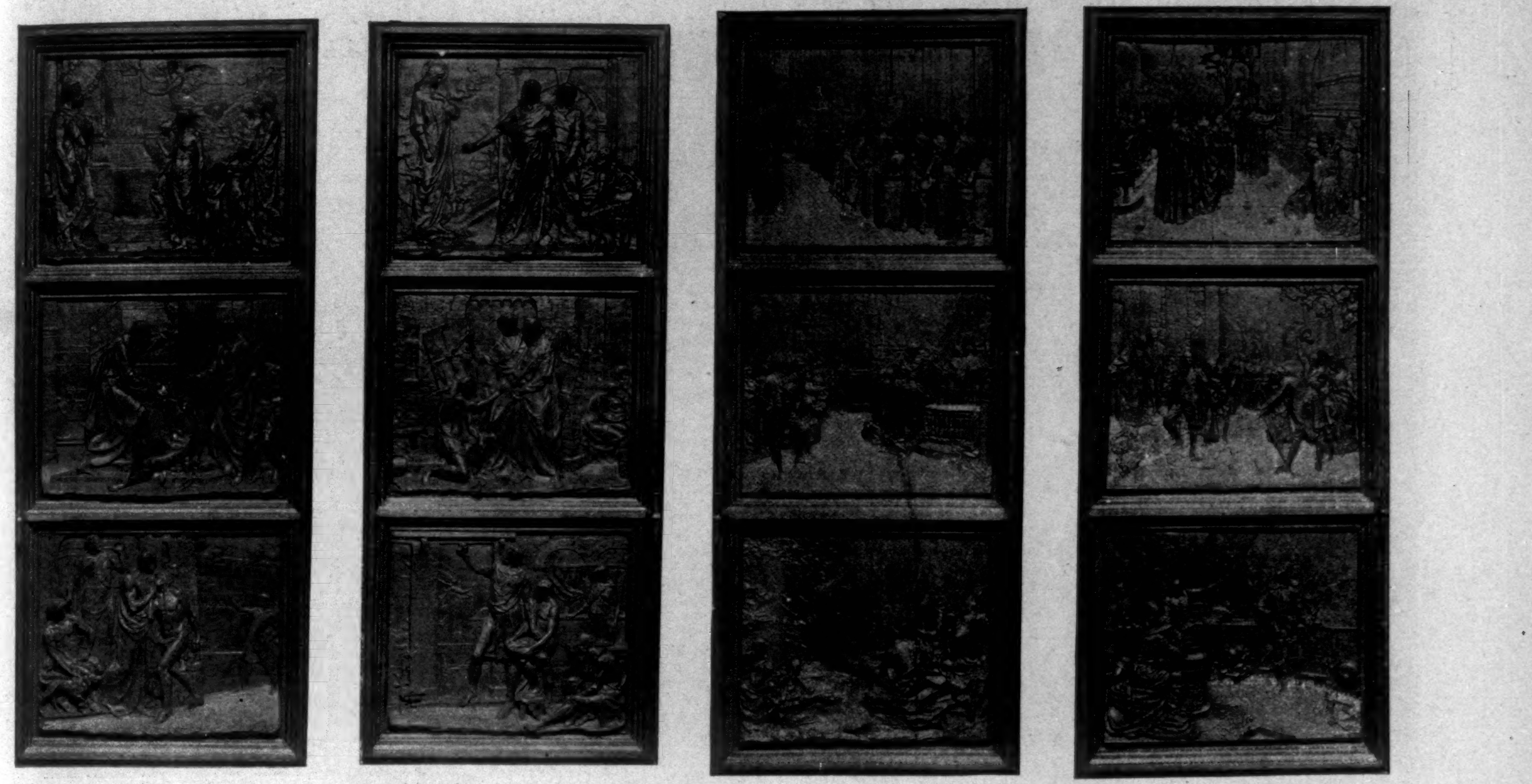

NORTH MEMORIAL DOORS.—J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR. SOUTH MEMORIAL DOORS.—CARL H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.

THE BRONZE DOORS OF TRINITY CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

AMATEUR SPORT

AS THE LAST NUMBER OF THE "WEEKLY" went to press, because of Decoration day, before the Intercollegiate Athletic Championships were decided, it was of course impossible to write on them as usual. At this late day only a little general comment is in order. First of all the events were drawn out to a most wearisome degree, the management being wretched. It really seems to grow worse each year. The games began half an hour late, with no programmes to be had, and the time wasted in getting the men out between events was exasperating. Some idea of the management may be gathered when it is said the judges discovered, just before the last of the trial heats in the high hurdles, that the men had been running 130 yards instead of 120. The great number of competitors and failure to run off events promptly made the afternoon's sport drag its weary way on to seven o'clock.

There were not so many spectators as seen last year or the year before, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the tiresome length to which the afternoon is extended through poor management and numberless entries is having its effect.

The Association must sift these entries and have better management if it expects to keep the annual event popular.

INTERCOLLEGIATE '93 ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event.	Yale.	Harvard.	U. of P.	Princeton.	Winner.	Performance.	Intercollegiate Record.
100 yards....	5	1	2		Richards, Buckholtz, Baker	10 1-5 s.	10 s. L. H. Cary, Princeton.
220 "	7				Richards, Anderson, Small	22 3-5 s.	21 4-5 s. L. H. Cary, Princeton.
440 "		5 1-3		2	Sayer, Brokaw, Bingham	50 4-5 s.	49 1-2 s. G. B. Shattuck, Amherst '92
880 "		7		1	Corbin, Hubbell, Turner	1 m. 59 4-5 s.	1 m. 57 1-5 s. W. C. Dohm, Princeton '90.
Mile run.....	2	1			Jarvis, Morgan, Collamore	4 m. 34 3-5 s.	4 m. 29 4-5 s. C. O. Wells, Amherst '91.
Mile walk ...	1			7	Ottley, Borcherling, Bunnell	6 m. 57 2-5 s.	6 m 52 4-5 s. F. H. Borcherling, Princeton '93.
High hurdles.	7	1			Van Ingen, Lyman, Shead	16 2-5 s.	15 4-5 s. H. L. Williams, Yale '91.
Low hurdles..	5	3			Van Ingen, Garcelon, Jameson	25 4-5 s.	25 1-5 s. H. L. Williams, Yale '91.
Bicycle	5	1	2		Glenny, Coates, Davis	7 m. 4 3-5 s.	6 4-5 s. R. H. Davis, Harvard '91.
High jump...		8			Fearing, Putnam, Sherwin	5 ft. 10 3-4 in.	6 ft. G. R. Fearing, Harvard '93.
Broad jump..	2	5	1		Bloss, Sheldon, Buckholtz	22 ft 9 5-8 in.	22 ft 11 1 4 in. Victor Mapes, Columbia '91.
Pole vault ...	2 1-3	1-3	5		Buckholtz, Cartwright, Rice	10 ft. 10 1-8 in.	10 ft. 9 3-4 in. E. W. Ryder, Yale '91.
Hammer.....	5		1		Hickok, Ellis, Knipe	110 ft. 4 1-2 in.	107 ft. 7 1-2 in. J. R. Finlay, Harvard '91.
Shot.........	6	2			Hickok, Shea, Brown	41 ft. 1-8 in.	40 ft. 9 1-2 in. A. B. Coxe, Yale '87.
	47 1-3	34 2 3	11	10			

Columbia gets one point in 220 yards, and one-third in pole vault, Bowman (Columbia), Rice (Yale), and Wheelwright (Harvard), each doing 10 feet 3 for third. Rice, on toss, received the prize, but all divided points. Wesleyan gets five points in mile and one in hammer. Brown gets two points in hammer, Cornell one-half point in 440.

YALE'S VICTORY WAS A MAGNIFICENT ONE, and deserving, for every man worked hard. The dash and determined efforts of the Yale team were the features of the afternoon. Every man did what was expected of him—and a little more. One cannot fail to remark on this spirit in Yale athletics; it is characteristic of all teams from New Haven to make a strong finish.

Richards ran two plucky races, winning both sprints in good style. His closest rival in the 100 yards, Buckholtz, showed unexpected strength, and but for dividing his efforts between the pole vault and the shorter sprint would undoubtedly have made Richards do better time to win the latter.

Merrill was a disappointment in the 220 flat; but Sayer distinguished himself by winning the quarter from Brokaw. Van Ingen covered himself with glory in the two hurdle events, winning both. If he never had "sand" before, he certainly had it in the 220, for he ran one of the pluckiest races ever seen on Manhattan Field, winning in the last few yards from a position well back of the leader.

The surprises of the day were Turner's defeat in the half-mile, Borcherling's inability to pass his college mate in the walk, and the winning of the mile by Jarvis over Morgan.

Hickok did great work in the hammer and shot, making new records in both. It was expected in the former, but his showing in the shot was as unlooked for as it was creditable. Princeton's exhibition was the poorest in many years. Swain was not in form, Turner could only get third, and Borcherling was much behind last year's figures. Of Columbia, the less said the better; certainly they cannot do any worse, if there is any consolation in that. Pennsylvania made a creditable showing—the best since joining the Association. Cornell sent a couple of good men.

ALTHOUGH AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS now compare favorably with the best amateur performances in the world, it is really only within the last three years that the standard of our Intercollegiate meeting has approached that of Oxford-Cambridge. Although there had been some grand individual performances by college athletes here and there, the meeting of 1889 was the first to materially advance our Intercollegiate records. Dohm of Princeton put the quarter-mile record down to fifty seconds; Sherrill, Yale, took the sprints in .10$\frac{1}{5}$ and .22$\frac{1}{5}$; Shearman, Yale, put the broad-jump record to 22 ft. 6 in.; Leavitt, Harvard, the pole vault to 10 ft. 5$\frac{1}{2}$; Herbert Mapes, Columbia, made a new hurdle record of .16$\frac{1}{5}$; C. O. Wells, Amherst, put the mile-run figures where they yet remain, 4.29$\frac{4}{5}$. From that year every subsequent meeting has clipped something off the track records, while inch by inch the field events have crept abreast and ahead of the English figures.

The greatest meeting we have ever had was that of '91, when records were made in ten out of the fourteen events on the programme—two of them world's records. It was in that year too that a team from the Manhattan Athletic Club visited England, and Cary, Remington, Ford, and Queckberner installed themselves as English champions.

IT DOES NOT TAKE A GREAT DEAL of research to discover the cause of the long inferiority of our college records to the English. And that they were so may be seen from this table, which gives the records made at the first meeting of the English and American colleges.

Oxford-Cambridge. 1864. Event.	Oxford-Cambridge. 1864. Time or Distance.	Intercollegiate, 1876. Time or Distance
100 yards	10$\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	11 sec.
440 "	53 "	56 "
1 mile	4 m. 56 "	4 m. 58$\frac{1}{2}$ "
120-yard hurdle...........	17$\frac{3}{4}$ "	18$\frac{1}{2}$ "
High jump................	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 2$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Broad "	18 ft.	18 ft. 3$\frac{1}{2}$ "

This great dual league (Oxford and Cambridge) *par excellence* has far more material at its disposal than any intercollegiate association. Oxford University alone is made up of twenty-two colleges, and includes about twelve thousand students, while its great rival is nearly as large. This is greatly beyond the numbers of our association, which is composed of nineteen colleges, of which the greater part are small institutions of the Rutgers and Stevens stamp. But of course the most obvious reason of England's long-continued supremacy was the early introduction of college sports.

The Intercollegiate Athletic Association held its first meeting in 1876, as the result of the athletic games instituted by Mr. James Gordon Bennett at Saratoga in 1873. But in England so early as 1837 "crick run," celebrated in *Tom Brown's School Days*, was founded at Rugby. Trinity College, Dublin, held an athletic meeting in October, 1844, and in 1845 "an annual steeplechase, hurdle races, and *scurry*," whatever that mysterious event was, were given at Eton. Exeter College was the pioneer of the athletic movement at Oxford, and held the first meeting in 1852. In 1864 came the first contest between Cambridge and Oxford, and after 1866 athletic meetings became general throughout England. That the English collegians were better adapted to athletics at that time than the college boys on this side were at the time of their first meeting in 1876 there can be no question. During the fifties and sixties the stirring events preceding and following the civil war left but little time for athletics here, and they were practically at a standstill in all the colleges for nearly a decade after the war.

ENGLISH INTER-UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC MEETING, MARCH, '93.

Event.	Performance.	Winner.	College.
100-yards........	10$\frac{2}{5}$ s..........	Ramsbotham... / Fry............	Oxford.
440-yards........	50$\frac{2}{5}$ s..........	Ramsbotham	"
Mile..............	4 m. 22 s.......	Lutyens...........	Cambridge.
120-yard hurdle.	16$\frac{2}{5}$ s..........	Gedge.......... / Collis..........	Oxford.
Broad jump	23 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in...	Fry...............	"
High " ..	5 ft. 11 in....	Swannick........	"

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS.

Event.	English Record.	English Name.	English Year	English College.	American Record.	American Name.	American Year	American Col'ge
100 yards....	10 s........	Wharton ...	1886	Darl'ton..	10 s........	Sherrill. / Wendell / Cary ...	1890 / 1881 / 1891	Yale. / Harv. / Prin.
440 "	49 4-5......	Moneypenny	1892	Cam.......	47 3-4......	Baker	1886	Harv.
880 "	1.54 2-5....	Cross	1888	Oxford ...	1.54 1-2....	Dohm	1890	Prin.
Mile..........	4.21 1-2....	Pollock-Hill.	1890	Oxford ...	4.29 4-5	Wells	1889	Am.
3 miles........	14.44 3-5..	Horan	1893	Cam.......	15.41 4-5 ..	Lane	1888	Yale.
120-yd. hurdle	16 s........	Joyce..... / Bulger....	1888 / 1892	Cam....... / Dub. Univ.	...... / 15 4-5.....	...... / Williams.	.. / 1891	... / Yale.
High jump....	6 f. 2 1-2 in.	Brooks......	1876	Oxford ..	6 ft. 4 in ..	Page	1887	Penn.
Broad " ..	23 f. 6 1-2 in.	Fry.........	1893	Oxford ...	22 f. 6 1-2 in.	Reber	1891	W. Un.

IN ADDITION TO THE EVENTS given in table, the Englishmen at their '64 meeting had a 200-yard hurdle-race and two-mile steeplechase, won in .26$\frac{3}{4}$ and 10.34 respectively. In the second meeting, the two-mile run, putting the 16-lb. shot, and throwing the cricket ball were added, the last being replaced, however, at the third meeting by the 16-lb. hammer, and thus the list stands to-day. The mile walk and 220-yard dash are rarely on English programmes, though Perkins (a professional) in 1874 was credited with walking a mile at London in 6.23, the world's record, and Wood, at the same city, in 1887, ran the 220 in 21$\frac{4}{5}$, which stands as the English amateur record for that distance, and was the world's record until Jewett made his .21$\frac{3}{5}$ at Montreal last year.

The half-mile run, two-mile bicycle race, and pole vault are also events not included in the Oxford-Cambridge sports, and only occasionally in any of the college games, though there is no lack of ability in the half-mile. Fowler rode two miles on the bicycle in 1892 at London against time in 4.49$\frac{4}{5}$, which stands as the English record; and in the pole vault, Stone, by the English method of "climbing," *i.e.*, slipping

the hands up the pole, has done 11 ft. 7 in. Neither of these men, however, was a collegian.

No comparison can be made in the weights, as the Englishmen permit a seven, and sometimes nine, foot run, which our rules do not allow. Barry of Queens College, Cork, under the English rules threw the hammer 137 feet in '92, and put the shot 42 ft. 10¼ in.; neither of which records compares with our best amateur (non-collegian) performances under same rules. It is really not fair to include the three miles on this table of collegiate comparison. It is not on our programme at all, and consequently college athletes do not train for it. The best American amateur record is 14m. 39s., held by W. D. Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club. Generally speaking, American athletes are inferior to Englishmen in distance running. Cross-country running, so popular in England, attracts few entries and less attention in the United States.

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON BASEBALL GAME, won in the last inning by Harvard, 9–8, was not a pleasing exhibition. It was, in fact, the most displeasing game of the season, and an especial disappointment coming just at a time when we had begun to believe college men pretty thoroughly grounded in the principles of good sportsmanship. The game began, or rather was delayed half an hour, by an unwarranted squabble over the umpires, and ended with such sustained and unsportsmanlike yelling—it could not by any chance be called cheering—from the Harvard bleacheries as it is hoped may never again be heard on a college ball-field. It was unpleasant from beginning to end—from King's interference with Hovey's fielding to Cook's "sharp" base-running after he had been fairly put out.

It is very true that the stand Princeton took at the outset with regard to the umpire question may have exasperated the body of undergraduates, and probably did, but two wrongs do not make a right. Harvard had an opportunity to heap coals of fire on Princeton's head, but, instead, they took a seat in the same boat. Whoever speaks or writes lightly of the scenes of that afternoon is either a superficial thinker or proclaims himself a disciple of the baneful doctrine "anything to win."

What is the loss of a game to the loss of one's self-respect? Does the winning of that game on Decoration day compensate for the disappointment hundreds of Harvard men experienced as they walked off Holmes Field after it was all over, regretful that they had been witnesses to the ungentlemanly conduct of the sons of their *alma mater?*

Does the "plucky fight" the newspapers the next morning said Princeton had made lighten the sorrow all graduates of old Nassau must experience with the knowledge that their nine's captain took an unsportsmanlike position?

Faculties and members of athletic advisory committees will exercise their influence to best advantage in preaching on the text "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," rather than on masquerading under newspaper editorials that show no appreciation of the great, the absolutely vital, need of its rightful interpretation.

TO SAY THAT CAPTAIN KING acted unwisely is putting it mildly. It may be one of the umpires was not to his liking; it may be he had said so after the first Harvard game; but there were three weeks between the two games, and ample time to adjust the matter satisfactorily to both sides. To wait until the night before to enter a formal protest, and to refuse, when once on the grounds and the spectators gathered and waiting, to play unless his demands were complied with, were reprehensible to a degree, and not the spirit we want to cultivate in amateur baseball.

SO MUCH SPACE HAS BEEN TAKEN UP, in this the by far more important comment on the game, that there is little room left to treat of the actual playing. It was a game abounding in heavy hitting and errors, Princeton leading in both—eight errors, of which first-baseman Guild made three. Wiggin was hit frequently and hard; his arm appeared to be and undoubtedly was in bad shape, but he kept his head despite the terrific slugging of 6 singles, 3 home runs, 2 three-baggers, and 9 long flies which went to the out-field. Hallowell played a magnificent game, and Abbott showed himself the best third-baseman of the day, playing brilliantly, with one single exception of a bad and costly error. Upton put up a strong game behind the bat. In fact, the Harvard nine made a good showing, retaining its form under the heavy batting, and showing snap everywhere except in base-running, in which particular only Hallowell and Mason excelled, though Sullivan was very fair.

Princeton's play on the field was full of costly errors—and errors that actually lost them the game. King's bad throw to first, Trenchard's failure to hold the ball, which let in the run that tied the score, and Guild's failure to hold another, individually and collectively practically lost the game. Trenchard's throwing to second was useless, and one of his passed balls let in a run. Otto is lively at short, but not certain. Drake pitched a good strong game until the eighth inning, and then the yelling seemed to distract him, as he gave enough men first on balls to put in a run. His watch of the men on bases was clever. Princeton will not be able to hit Carter as they did Wiggin, and with the tendency to fill the error column, the outlook for getting a game from Yale is not encouraging.

Princeton's second victory over Pennsylvania, May 27th, 5–4, was a very different exhibition from the first game, the fielding of both teams being excellent, and the batting fairly strong. For Princeton, King excelled in work at the bat and in the field; Otto did well at short—the best of any one tried this season. Trenchard's throwing was wild, and Pennsylvania did not hesitate about going to second. Drake was steady and strong at critical moments. Bayne made his reappearance in the box for Pennsylvania, and showed he was as strong as ever, for from the first to the eighth inning not a hit was made off him. Goeckles's batting was the feature of the day—out of four times at the bat he secured two singles and a line hit for four bases.

THE GAMES YALE HAS PLAYED during the past two weeks have not given the team much real practice, and most of the work is done at the Field. Whether this kind of work will bring about the necessary advancement remains to be seen; but it will not do for Yale to nourish the idea that the team can easily defeat Princeton, as the great improvement in the latter last week will give them confidence.

Rustin's injury may keep him out of the next Princeton game, June 10th, and in that case Arbuthnot will play third base. Although he is a clean fielder and covers his ground well, yet a new and comparatively inexperienced man in Yale's uncertain diamond may prove disastrous. Rustin's hitting will be missed, but he will doubtless be in condition to play the final games.

Hedges is experiencing some difficulty in keeping up with his fast company, and now the season is far enough advanced to make every movement count. His hitting has been weak, and his faults of the beginning of the season seem slow in disappearing. There continues to be a deal of speculation as to the probability of ex-Captain Murphy replacing the Law School uniform with that of the 'varsity. Should he play, the in-field will be greatly strengthened, and some needed changes in the team's arrangement follow. His base-running would be a decided addition, and his fielding certainly has more life than that of any man at present in the Yale in-field. His batting on the Law School nine has been below what he used to do on the 'varsity. There is good reason to believe an effort will be made to enlist his services, and that he will make personal feeling subservient to the desire to help Yale on the diamond.

Speer is developing into one of the best all-round men on the Yale team. His hitting is very strong and does not vary, and his fielding is sure.

Captain Bliss's game at short stop is improving, and his steadying influence is certainly needed in Rustin's absence. With good eyesight Bliss would make a splendid in-fielder, but he is too near the plate to judge correctly a batted ball.

The difference in form does not warrant Harvard betting 3–1 on the result of the Yale series. Harvard must remember that reputation will not win from Yale, and Yale should not get the idea that pluck will take the place of good ball-playing.

YALE HAS SHOWN SOMETHING of the old spirit (which the playing of Kedzie against Princeton and the persistent refusal of a Harvard third game had made her friends believe was off on a vacation) in agreeing to a deciding game of baseball with Harvard. And George A. Adee is the man who convinced the Yale baseball management of the unsportsmanship of their position. Harvard is indebted to the sportsmanlike conduct of the management at Cambridge, backed up by the New York *alumni*—George Walton Green and Henry Van Duzer.

THE CORNELL NINE, after making a very good showing by defeating Pennsylvania and almost beating Princeton earlier in the season, proved easy prey for both Harvard and Brown. In the game with Harvard especially the team went entirely to pieces, making twelve errors, every man but Rich, on second, having a hand in the general comedy of errors. The judgment of the Cornell's out-fielders was wretched. They evidently did not thoroughly know the game, and believed certain rules were to be used invariably. Thus, after a base hit, they frequently threw the ball to the plate without the slightest chance of catching the man, and in the mean time the batter took second or third. Priest did effective work in the box.

It seems incomprehensible that now, just as Cornell is beginning to be recognized, and justly so, in the college athletic world, the baseball management should show so little tact, aside from all questions of sportsmanship, as to place an ex-professional to captain the nine. It was a great mistake, and it is to be hoped Cornell will accept a friendly hint and keep its teams up to the strict spirit of the amateur law.

AMHERST, WILLIAMS, AND DARTMOUTH are making a pretty fight for the New England League pennant. Williams has wrested the lead from Amherst, and O'Connor is making his presence felt for Dartmouth. Most of the games are played two consecutively, and as Williams is the only one of the three which has two pitchers the advantage is apparent. Hollister of Williams only allowed twenty-nine Amherst men to go to bat in the last game at Williamstown, and though Colby pitched his usual excellent game he was defeated, 1–0. Rarely so many good pitchers are together in a college league, and the outcome will create no little interest.

WESLEYAN'S NINE played its last game Decoration day, after a season of which it has good reason to feel proud. Frost, when in the box, seemed to have got into a winning gait, for though his speed and curves are not remarkable, his pitching against teams that had before hit him was very effective. He had a good catcher in Terrill, and a good team behind him, especially on their own grounds.

THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB TOOK A STEP at its last meeting which is entirely at variance with anything that it has done heretofore. It elected a professional baseball manager to a directorship in the club. Now whether because of this, or from general degeneracy, the club has been whitewashing professional baseball players ever since. The following clipping from a Detroit paper tells the story better than we can:

"YERKES AND WAITE JOIN THE D. A. C.

"The Chicago and Cleveland athletic clubs have no terrors for the Detroit Athletic Club now. They can bring along just as strong ball teams as they can scrape up among the amateurs in their States, and the red-legged wearers of the Delta will be waiting for them. It was feared that the D. A. C. would be somewhat weak in the box, but Manager Leadley has been keeping quiet, and saying little else than that the team would be all right when the time for action came. The sanction of the Central Association on the applications for reinstatement filed by Don P. Yerkes and Harry Waite was necessary to complete his team, and yesterday it was announced that both men had been taken into the fold."

If the Detroit Athletic Club desires to preserve the clean reputation it has always enjoyed, it should change the policy which appears to have taken possession of its baseball department. There is a decided feeling among the best members of the club that it had better desist making a business of this department, and, instead of having a team that monopolizes the diamond nearly all the time, to institute pleasant "scrub" games among the members, giving all who desire a chance to play ball now and then, without rubbing shoulders with former professionals. There have been too many professional baseball players reinstated to play on the D.A.C. nine, and if the present policy is pursued, it is not at all unlikely that the interest in amateur athletics, and in the club itself, will be lost by a large number of the club's members.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION of the Amateur Athletic Union has ever since its inception made reinstatement a veritable farce.

It looks as if the various officials had traded favors. They certainly, to say the least of it, have shown no appreciation of what constitutes true amateur sport.

And the Detroit Athletic Club, which has always been looked upon as maintaining a high standard, it too has fallen from grace and gone down hill very rapidly through its baseball department.

The members must be proud of their nine!

It is now in order for the Chicago and Cleveland clubs to demand the reinstatement of any professional ball-player in their vicinity whom they favor. It is high time the officials of the Central Association displayed some inclination to elevate rather than lower the sport over which they are elected to watch.

IT IS HIGH TIME, TOO, that sportsmen in this country rose in their might and crushed out these athletic trusts that are doing more harm than good. The scandals over nearly every so-called amateur boxing contest, and the well-known condition of racing bicycling, are standing disgraces to American amateur sport, and to the Amateur Athletic Union and League of American Wheelmen. The A. A. U. has made some effort to cleanse its ranks, and were it not for the backsliding of some of the clubs on its membership roll the purging would go on much faster. It has not the direct supervision of entries to club boxing shows that the L. A. W. has over its racing members. The L. A. W. has not made a move to clean its racing membership; it is too cowardly to do so, notwithstanding it knows half the men are in fact professionals. Its present attitude is a menace to decent sport. Honest bicyclers throughout the country (those who do not know the L. A. W. as it is) look to it for protection, and they do not get it. The L. A. W. is really nothing more nor less than the commission broker of this wholesale bicycling fraud.

THE YALE CREW SEEMS to have pulled itself out of the slump it fell into a week ago, and was doing the best work of the season when seen last week. The shell rocks less than it has during the past month, the stroke is more even, the boat goes faster, and it certainly travels smoothly between strokes, which is a most important point. The swing of the men is very much improved, and they seem to have grasped a pretty complete understanding of what it means to "stand" on their stretchers. To make a boat run on its keel the men must swing over the keel, and swing together; the oars must catch the water together, and at the same angle; the blades must be pulled through from catch to finish on the same horizontal plane, and taken out together, and this the Yale crew appears to be doing better now than at any one other time during the year. The result is that the shell travels on its keel, and keeps on going between strokes.

Goetchius, No. 5, has been taken out of the boat, and Rogers put in his place. No man in the boat rows in better form than Rogers, and he is an effective oar as well. He has never had a seat, because the coaches feared he might not prove strong enough. If the race were to be a hard one, and their fears well grounded, the result would be disastrous, since No. 5 is a very important place. The men are all looking well, and in good condition for whatever work may be assigned them. The coaches at New London will have their time well occupied getting Messler to do his work neatly.

IF HARVARD'S CREW CONTINUES to improve as it has during the past ten days, there will be no procession at New London this year. When Yale for the first time sees the Harvard 'varsity on the Thames, they will find much to criticise and many reasons for taking comfort to themselves on the outcome of the race. But after they have watched them for a day or two, timed them a few half-miles, and discovered how the Harvard shell travels between strokes, they must come to the conclusion that the task will not be so easy as first it looked to be. Just now, individually, there are many faults to be picked out in the Harvard crew, and were it not for the fact that in some manner the men are able to force the shell along at a good smart pace, the outlook for a close race would be discouraging enough.

How they do it one wonders in watching the wretched way they handle their oars. No two men take the same dip; every one, with the exception of No. 4, feathers under water, and the spray is sent towards the bow in showers as the blades are dropped into the water. In fact, the watermanship of the crew is poor, or, more correctly speaking, there is no watermanship to their rowing. What they have acquired, however, is a good drive with their legs. If they could supplement this with clean outboard work, with less arm-work, and better control of their slides, especially at the last part of the recover, they would soon become a fast crew. The most encouraging point to note now is the improvement made by Cummings at 7; he has aroused himself, and if he continues to keep up the present gait, will fill the seat satisfactorily. Next week the two crews will be taken up individually on their last appearance before going to New London.

AFTER DEFEATING CLARENCE HOBART it looked as if Malcolm Chace would win at least one set from Edward L. Hall, present champion, in the finals of the Southern lawn-tennis championship decided at Baltimore last week. Hall played with great steadiness, however not so brilliantly at times as Chace, but more consistently hard tennis, and never lost control of the situation from the start, winning with 6–3, 6–3, 6–2. The Chace-Hobart match was pretty tennis, and the result shows the former must be regarded more seriously than heretofore in making calculations on the outcome of the National championships at Newport in August.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE *Valkyrie* on Saturday goes to show that Lord Dunraven's yacht will make the boat that defeats her in the international contest set the fastest pace that has ever been sailed for the *America's* Cup. In open water and under the fairest conditions she had no difficulty in winning from the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. The *Calluna*, which many English yachtsmen had fancied, did not make in this race, nor in the race of a week ago, the showing expected, and it seems at this early day as if *Britannia* stood the best chance of the British yachts to be the one chosen to meet the *Navahoe*. *Satanita*, the other English cutter, and the largest, has made a very favorable impression, and once the four have been tuned up a bit, the trial races to decide on the one to meet Mr. Carroll's yacht will develop some fast sailing. The *Navahoe*, in the mean time, has had the proposed alterations made in ballast, which consisted in taking twenty tons of lead from the inside of her hull and bolting the same amount on to the bottom of her keel. Her work since has been very satisfactory, and *Navahoe* will go abroad now carrying the full confidence of American yachtsmen in her ability to give a good account of herself in the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cup races.

THE POLO SEASON OPENED last week with most of the men showing better form than usual at the beginning. Full comment is reserved for next week.

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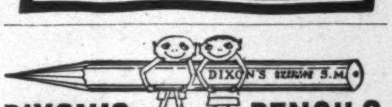

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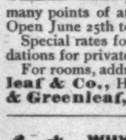

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